

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A LIFE TIME.



COL. D. S. DEWEES.



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RECOLLECTIONS

— OF A —

LIFE TIME,

— BY —

COL. D. S. DEWEES,

EDEN, CALHOUN COUNTY, W. VA.

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COL. DEWEES.

## PREFACE.

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The writing of the memoirs of my life, which I have now completed has been the utmost theme and ambition of my life for the past quarter of a century, being born and reared up in central West Virginia and passed all my life amid the changing scenes that have gone to bring about the changes that have lead up to the conditions progress and advancements wrought during the past eighty three years, I feel that my mission in life is practically finished, the sands of time with me are almost run, I am only biding time when soon I shall pass from the scenes of this life to the realities of the hereafter from the born of which no wonderer has ever returned. In the recording the historical, geneology of the pioneer settlers and reminiscenes I have solely relied upon my memory and whatever mistakes that I may have made are purely of the head not from the heart, for I have endeavored to speak the truth and treat all with fairness and justice for I have naught againt any man, but good will for all, with a sense of a man's duty toward his fellow man I have the kindest feeling for humanity and as an affinal, bid all God's speed and that we may all meet in a hereafter where all will be one eternity of brotherhood.

Respectfully,

D. S. DEWEES.

COL. D. S. DEWEES'  
Recollections and Experiences  
—OF A—  
L I F E T I M E .  
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Having passed the eighty second year of my life, I fully realize that time is nearing its close with me when I shall lay down this old body of mine and pass behind the scenes from whence no wanderer ever returns. I was born March the 11th, 1821, on what was known then as the Swan Survey, my father being a squatter, living at the mouth of Steer Run, where what is now known as the Carry Mollohan farm is, on the Left Hand fork of Steer Creek, near Normantown, Gilmer County, West Virginia, but then was Lewis County, Virginia, the Survey upon which I was born was owned by a man by the name of John Swan, who lived about Morgantown, Monongalia County. Five hundred acres of the Survey, including the little improvement of my father was bought by William Boggs, one of the first permanent settlers on the waters of Steer Creek.

My father's name was Isaac U. Dewees, whose father John Dewees in company with his brother Robert, came to America with and served as soldiers under General Lafayette during the Revolutionary war, after which both married and settled in Pennsylvania, my grand father. John Dewees married a French lady by the name of Mary Updegrave, settling on a farm near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and were the parents of six children, as follows: Joshua, John, Samuel, William, Sarah and Isaac U., my father. My great uncle, my grand father's brother, Robert Dewees married and settled near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. My father, Isaac U. Dewees, married Catharine Carr, whose father was Balas Carr. When she was a mere child, was drowned at Carr's Ford in Cheat River at Duncard's bottom. My parent's family consisted of six children, Daniel S., that is my-



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self, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah, Balas and Catharine. In 1837, when I was 16 years old, my father broke down with consumption and my mother with dropsy, she dying eleven days before my father throwing the family upon the charity of the world, our family at this time living where Richardsons ville, Calhoun County, now is, which was then known as the Steel farm. For a short time after the death of my parents I staid with Daniel McCunes' family, who lived then on what is now known as McCunes Run, which empties in the West Fork just below Arnoldsburg, Calhoun County. Daniel McCune was a son of the old original Peter McCune, an Irishman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war and married a daughter of Adam O'Brien, famous as a noted character on the frontier border prior to and during the Revolutionary war and roamed over the then wilderness comprising the counties of Calhoun, Braxton, Gilmer, Roane, Clay and on to the Southwest to the Ohio and Big Kanawha Rivers, blazing the paths that were ultimately to lead the hardy pioneers who were to found homes in the wilderness of Central and Western West Virginia. Daniel McCune was along with Joseph Parsons, Alexander Turner and Jackson Cottrell, convicted of the murder of Jonathan Nicholas, about the year of 1843, they being members of a clan that was organized by an element of pioneers who were early settlers on the West Fork waters, calling themselves the Hellfired band, roaving from place to place, living in camps and desiring the wilderness country of the West Fork for a paradise for hunters and those who desired to live a roaving life, discouraging improvement of every kind, such as clearing of land, making settlements, opening up roads, organizing churches and civilization in general. The foregoing parties all being sentenced to the penitentiary at Richmond, Virginia, for eighteen years each, all of whom died except Jackson Cottrell, who on the account of his being only about seventeen years old was pardoned, after serving five years, leaving Daniel McCune in the penitentiary, the other two being dead, in fact, Alexander Turner dying on the road to the penitentiary, near about the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County. Parsons died soon after going to the penitentiary



and McCune lived two or three years after Cottrell was pardoned. Jackson Cottrell was a son of Thomas Cottrell, whose father in turn was Thomas Cottrell, the old and original Cottrell of all the Cottrells of the West Fork and adjacent territory. Thomas Cottrell married a daughter of Adam O'Brien and consequently was a brother-in-law of Peter McCune's. Thomas Cottrell had sons, Thomas, Andrew, Smith, William, John or Whig and Silas, together with several daughters all of whom were the propagators of a large posterity, which, together with the O'Briens and McCunes are widely disseminated over Central West Virginia.

On my leaving McCune's I went to stay with Squire Barnibus Cook, who was the first Justice of the Peace on the West Fork waters, in what then was Kanawha County, which embraced the territory drained by the West Fork waters down below Arnoldsburg in Calhoun County.

Squire Cook, in company with a comrade, Elijah McCumber, came as missionaries to the then wilderness of the West Fork, and Cook was the first minister of the gospel to preach a sermon within the present limits of Washington district, Calhoun County. Squire Barnibus Cook married Christena McCune, a daughter of Peter McCune, before referred to, while I was at Squire Cook's who then lived just above the road opposite where what is now known as the Dock Parsons place, just South of the Lee district line. In the fall of 1841, I was at Squire Cook's when one of the settlers in the Squire's bailiwick, Daniel Coger, who had sold his wife sometime previous to Timothy McCune for an averagible deer's skin, dressed to be as large as a doe's hide, in delinquency of which payment, Coger sought a redress of grievances in Squire Cook's court, it being the first law suit that I ever attended, both litigants and witnesses being present and the cause coming on for hearing, the court heard all that was adduced by plaintiffs and defendants and the material facts being overwhelmingly in favor of the plaintiff, judgment was accordingly awarded for the deer hide and the costs upon which Wm. Truman, constable, was armed with an execution and commanded by the court to proceed accordingly.

I next went to Rev. John Bennett's who lived where what is now known as the Nels Bennett farm two miles below Stumptown Calhoun County, and worked six months, from there I went on over on the Little Kanawha river, below the mouth of Steer Creek and worked one year for Dr. Wm. J. Rice, from Dr. Rice's I went to Michael Stump's and made my home until 1847.

I will now give my recollection of the pioneer settlers as I knew them, and heard them spoken of. Michael Stump's father whose name was Michael, moved to Steer Creek on the 6th day of May, 1804, the country being very sparcely settled, in fact, Clarksburg, Harrison County, being the county seat for all the territory then drained by the Steer Creek waters. Michael Stump Sr., was a brother of Major George Stump, who served in General George Washington's army during the Revolutionary war, Michael Stump Sr., was the father of Michael, Jacob, Absolom, John, George and Jessie, and daughters Sarah married the Wm. Boggs who bought and settled on the 500 acres of land bought out of the Swan Survey before mentioned, Mary Magdoline married Henry Bell, who lived near Pine Creek on the Little Kanawha river, Elizabeth married Samuel Stout and lived in the Stout settlement on the Little Kanawha river, Temperence married John W Stout whose home was just above the Squire Jacob Boggs farm on the Lefthand fork of Steer Creek, above Normantown, and Jemima married Seamore Norman, for whom Normantown is named, living there, he owning all the lands upon which the village stands and surrounding it. Michael Stump, Jr., married Elizabeth Bush who was a sister to Jacob and Henry Bush of Leading Creek, Gilmer County, and were the parents of a large family as was all of Michael Stump Sr's. family. The posterity of which are scattered all over Central West Virginia and many have gone to other states and elimes and founded homes. The Stumps being an energetic thorough going people. I wish to speak here regarding an incident as relating to Michael Stump Sr's. family, his fourth son John and his father not getting along agreeably, John sometime from 1820 to 1830, suddenly disappeared and owing to the fact that his

father's mind become partially deranged and he dying from the effects of the same, some years afterward he was suspicioned by many people of having killed his son John, and years after his disappearance, the brothers of John were in the woods hunting and coming on to a ridge up under some large rocks on a stony point at the upper end of what is now known as the Sida Stump farm, just below Fare Balls' farm, it being the old original homestead where the Stump family settled May 6, 1804, the boys before referred to, who were hunting for game found a skull which augmented suspicion that the old man had dealt foully with his son, but years afterwards John Stump wrote to his sister, Sarah, the wife of Wm. Boggs, he then being in Missouri, and stated that he was well and doing well and was glad to know that he was the only prodigal in his father's family, this being about the year of 1841.

While I was at Fort Delaware, a prisoner of war during the Rebellion in 1864, I met and became acquainted with a fellow prisoner by the name of Commodore Thaxton, whose mother was a Stump, a lady from Nashville, Tenn. He described John Stump to me, whom he said was a wholesale merchant, having a white speck in his right eye caused by his pricking his eye with an awl while mending his moccasin when a boy. On my return home from prison, after the war, I informed Michael Stump, Jr., of what I had heard and learned regarding his long gone brother John, and he informed me afterwards that he wrote to him and received an answer.

In 1847 when I was 26 years old I was married by the ministerial officary of Rev. John Stump, a son of Michael Stump Jr's. to Elizabeth Boggs, a daughter of Wm. Boggs, before mentioned in this narrative who bought land out of the Swan Survey, just above Normantown. I will now give a sketch of my recollection of the Boggs family as I knew them, and of them from hearing the old people in my young days speak of them, the oldest Boggs that I heard spoken of was Charley Boggs, who lived in Nicholas County, and was the father of James, John, Charley, Jr and Wm. Boggs, my father-in-law. James was the father of Alexander, William, Anderson, Benjamin, Silas

and Frank. John Boggs' sons were, Lamasters, Norman and also was the father of Jacob Stump, Sr., and Nathan Mollohan's wives. This John Boggs lived on Duck Creek in Braxton County, and owned the farm known as the Duck Creek farm, where Servia Postoffice now is.

Charley Boggs, Jr., lived on Reedy in Roane County, and was the father of John Boggs, and Elizabeth his daughter who married William, or more commonly known as Bill Mollohan, a brother of Nathan Mollohan, whose father was old George Mollohan, who settled on Elk river in Braxton County, just below Frametown in an early day, Elizabeth's husband, Bill Mollohan died in 1852 and she married Charley Frame. Charley Boggs, Sr., had a brother John Boggs, who lived or settled in an early day on Spring Creek in Roane County, and was the father of Jim Boggs, who lived near Linden in Roane County, and Tom Boggs, who lived on Spring Creek, below Spencer, in Roane County, also a Wm. Boggs, who married Mariah Maze, a sister of Big Jim Maze and Joe Maze, who came from Bath County, Virginia, and were among the pioneer settlers on the Little Kanawha river about Leading Creek, and while we think of it here, we will relate an incident in which Wm. Boggs and his wife Mariah just mentioned figured. Mariah being of a domineering turn of mind, believing and acting on the principle that the earth and universe were made wholly and solely for her pleasure and amusement ruled with an iron hand and moved things by storm. On the occasion of the stars falling or constallation of the elements in about 1833, on which occasion the Boggs household being awakened and beholding the condition of disturbed heavenly bodies, Mariah forthwith fell on her knees and fervently and eloquently importuned her God to deal as gently with her as possible, fully believing that the end of time was near at hand, noticing her husband moving cautiously from the window to the door watching the decending stars, he being of a quiet turn of mind, his erratic wife Mariah knowing no superior but her God and only under extenuating circumstances acknowledging his superiority lost all patience with her husband's apparently indifference and so carelessly neglect-

ing to make the most of what little time that appeared to remain for Mariah to meet her God in peace, railed out at William and wanted to know "why in the h—l he wasn't praying."

John Boggs had two daughters, Ruth and Nancy who married Jim and John Vandals respectively, and two other daughters who married Benniard Depew, his wife's name being Belmont, and Malinda marrying Jonathan Depew, the Depew's father being Henry Depew, whose wife was a Maze, an aunt to the Maze before mentioned, he was of a French decent and having been a sailor left ocean life and wandered into the then wilderness of what now comprises West Virginia, he settled for a time at what was then called Fork Lick, now Addison, Webster County. Old Leonard Simmons of Roane County, married a Vandal, a daughter of one of the Vandals before mentioned. Hiram Depew, also a son of Henry Depew just mentioned, married Ruth Vandal. Archibold Depew married a DeMoss, and David Depew married Margaret Arnold, a daughter of Benjamin B. Arnold, the man for whom Arnoldsburg, Calhoun County, was named, he living at what is known as the old Perry Hays house. Old Squire Alexander Huffman and his sister Elizabeth Johnson commonly called aunt Betsy Johnson, moved from Barbour County and settled on the Little Kanawha river, near where Grantsville, Calhoun County is, in 1829. Alexander Huffman's wife was Hannah Vannoy and they were the parents of Malinda who married Maj. Lemuel Stump, a son of Jacob Stump, Sr. Mahala who married Rev. John Stump, a son of Michael Stump, Jr. Rev. Daniel Huffman who married Lucinda Stump, a daughter of Jacob Stump, Sr. Elizabeth who married Backsmith John Stump, a son of Abslom Stump, Sr. Benjamin Huffman who married Druscilla Stump, a daughter of Jacob Stump, Sr., Absalom Huffman, Mary, wwho married John H. Johnson, Sr., a son of aunt Betsy Johnson. Rachael who married William Barr, a son of Samuel Barr and Rev. Levi Huffman who also married a daughter of Jacob Stump, Sr.

Aunt Betsy Johnson, sister of Alexander Huffman, whose husband was Robert Johnson, were parents of the following children, Levi Johnson who married Druscilla Hays, a daughter



of Samuel Hays. Levi was the first Clerk of the Court of Gilmer County, and was also member of the legislature. Alexander Johnson, John H. Johnson Sr. who married Mary Huffman, commonly called Aunt Polly, James Johnson who married a Burres. Isaac Johnson. Peter Johnson who married a daughter of old John Ball and Robert Johnson.

Now we will mention Frances Vannoy and Cornelus Vannoy brothers of Alexander Huffman's wife came to the Little Kanawha river about or near 1830. Frances Vannoy's wife was Molly Gainer, who settled on Tanner of the Little Kanawha, about one mile from its mouth, on what is now known as the Bryan Gainer farm and were the parents of Jane who married Jacob Stump, a son of Michael Stump, Jr. Benjamin Vannoy who married Isabel Stump, a daughter of Jacob Stump, Sr. Mary, commonly called Polly, who married Miller Jacob Stump, a son of Absolem Stump, Sr. and here I will note that Absolem Stump, Sr., just mentioned married Margaret Bush, a sister to his brother Michael Stump Jr's. wife. William Vannoy whose wife was a Gainer, and Elizabeth, commonly called Betsy, married Brian Gainer.

Archibald Burris, a millwright by trade, was a Scotch-Irishman, whose wife was Mary Holbert, and I will here say that Burris was a Revolutionist in the fatherland, and the Rebellion, failing he fled for his life. Those of his fellow revolutionists who were captured, being executed and Burris whose right name was Archibald Davisson, changed his name to Burris and came to America, coming to the Little Kanawha river, settled where Grantsville now is, about 1823, and died on Hughes river while working on what was know as Webb's Mill and was the father of William, John and George and daughters Margaret, who married Joseph Hamrick, Jane who married Jessie Taylor and James Johnson's wife Elizabeth. James Johnson was a son of old aunt Betsy Johnson before mentioned.

I will now give my recollection of the Frames that came to Elk river in an early day. James and David were the two original Frames coming to Elk river first settled below Sutton. James Frame married a daughter of Charley Boggs, Sr. and was

the father of Andrew B., John, Hiram and James, familiarly known as thumbless Jim. Squire William and Charley and one daughter Jane by the first marriage. James Frame, Sr. married Elizabeth Keener for his second wife and was the father of Norman, Rev. David and Dr. Thomas, and only one daughter by his last marriage whom I knew, Rebecca, who married Andrew Wilson.

James Frame Sr's. sons Andrew B. married Margaret James and their children were Louellen, who married Jane Boggs a daughter of Wm. Boggs who lived near Normantown. Isaac J., whose wife was Rachael Stalnaker. Elliott, whose wife was Nancy Dobbins and Marshall, whose wife was his cousin Abalena Frame, a daughter of Squire Wm. Frame.

James Frame, Sr., second son was John, whose wife was a Shock, a sister of Jacob Shock, the first settler where Rosedale, Braxton County, W. Va. now is. A third son of James Frame, Sr's. was Hiram, whose wife was also a Shock, the fourth son James, familiarly known as thumbless Jim and fifth Squire William, whose first wife was a Bails, a sister of Jacob Bails, and were the parents of Lemuel Thomas John and Andrew, and one daughter before named, Abalena, the wife of Marshall Frame. His second wife was a Deen, a daughter of John Deen. James Frame Sr's. youngest son by his first wife was Charley, whose first wife was a Bails, a sister to his brother, Squire William's first wife, and by Charley Frame's first marriage there were sons, Marsh Frame, who was quite a talented lawyer, serving two terms as Prosecuting Attorney of Braxton County, and Buck Frame, who lives on Elk River, near Frametown. James Frame, Sr. had one daughter by his first wife, Jane, who married her cousin, Miller Thomas Frame who together with Squire William Frame, erected a mill at Frametown, thereby founding the place which perpetuates their name.

Charley Frame's second wife was Elizabeth (Boggs) Mollohan, widow of William Mollohan, who in turn was a son of George Mollohan, who lived on Elk river, between the mouth of



Birch and Frametown. George Mollohan was also the father of Nathan Mollohan, Arthur and Ansen.

The brother of James Frame, Sr., David Frame whose sons whom I knew were Milton, famous for manufacturing spinning wheels and Elmore, the Miller Thomas Frame before mentioned, and Birch Bill Frame and two of their sisters. Ibbey who married Benjamin Dobbins and Rachael who married Rev. Wm. Dobbins, were children of a brother of the two old original Frames, James and David, who never lived in this country.

I will now give my recollection of the early settlers who came to the Little Kanawha river in what is now Gilmer County, and settled ranging from Decalb to Glenville, just after the war of 1812. Major William Stalnaker settled at Decalb, his wife being Elizabeth Goff, were the parents of two sons, Nathaniel and Col. Salathiel whose wives were Elizabeth and Fanny Bush. Col. Salathiel's first wife died, he married a Wiant lady a sister to Capt. William Wiant. Squire Benjamin Riddle whose wife was Nancy Goff, a sister to Maj. Wm. Stalnaker's wife, settled at the mouth of Leading Creek of the Little Kanawha river and raised a large family of children. Next was Alexander Goff, commonly called Sonny, a brother of Mrs. Stalnaker's and Riddle just mentioned. Soney settled up Leading Creek, a short distance and was the father of Rev. John A. Goff, Strother Goff who was deputy sheriff under Perry Grine Hays and others of Gilmer county. George Goff, who was the father of Wm. Goff, whose wife was a Bush, a sister of George and Thomas Bush who lived on Stinking Creek, that puts into the Little Kanawha river below Leading creek. Wm. Goff just referred to lived at Spencer, Roane county. Sony or Alexander Goff had a brother John E. Goff, who settled where Glenville now stands. living there till just a few years before Gilmer County was established, he sold out to Elijah Flesher, who was a blacksmith by trade. There was an old widow lady moved to the country near Decalb and settled, by the name of Elizabeth Westfall, a sister of Major William Stalnaker's. She was the mother of three sons, Job, John and William, and two daughters, Mary who married Eli Stalnaker, and her other daughter married a

Rosecrans, they being the parents of the union Major, General William S Rosecrans. About the time of the coming of the others just mentioned, came four brothers, George H. Bell, said to have been a Lieutenant in the second war with Great Britain, the war of 1812, whose wife was a Parsons, a sister to an old man called and known as hair lipped Bill Parsons. The next was Townsen Bell and was the father of Major Henderson Bell, who lived and founded the homestead just below Sutton in Braxton County, on Elk river, known as Bell's Mills, third was Henry Bell, who married as before narrated in this work, Mary Magdaline Stump, a daughter of Michael Stump, Sr. The two former Bells lived on the Little Kanawha river near the mouth of Cedar Creek, just below Glenville in Gilmer County, and the last Bell named Henry, lived on the South Side of the Kanawha river in what is now Calhoun County, below Grantsville and fourth brother, William Bell, who was never married.

In 1847 I married Elizabeth Boggs, Rev. John Stump performing the marriage ceremony, we being the first couple that he ever married, my wife being his cousin, a daughter of William Boggs before spoken of, that married Sarah Stump, a daughter of Michael Stump, Sr. I lived being married February 25th, 1847, until the spring of 1848 on the farm just above what is now known as the Earl Ball farm on Steer Creek, being Maj. Lemuel Stump's farm, and the next two years I lived about two miles up the Lefthand fork of Steer creek, above Normantown, on what is known as the John Stout farm, which then belonged to Robert Shock, during the summer of 1848, I, in company with my wife went in a canoe back to where I had lived, to the old Stump homestead after a load of corn, having left corn there when I moved away. Eli Stalnaker having moved where I lived in those days the channels of the creeks were narrower than they are now and lined with a heavy growth of timber, protecting the creek banks, next day after arriving at Stalnaker's my wife and I shelled up what corn I wanted. During the day, while we were shelling corn Mrs Stalnaker told us that Sally, the wife of George Stump who was blind, the oldest son of Michael Stump, Jr., was bewitched, to which I replied that that night I would

go down to where she was and cure her, she being at her father-in-law's where Elliott Stump now lives, about one mile above Stumptown, she claimed to be bewitched and consequently afraid to stay at home. Mrs. Stalnaker not being credulously inclined toward witches replied to my saying that I would cure Sally of witches, "Yes you will do great things." So in the evening after having got ready, I invited my wife to go with me, which she declined, preferring to stay where she was, upon which I went down to where Sally was, arriving about dark and going in I spoke to the family who returned my greeting. After some time in order to start the object of my mission, I addressed myself directly and individually to Sally. The shades of night thoroughly by this time enveloping old terri firma and a dim fire burning in the fire place, conversation running slack, I said, "Sally, how do you come on," to which she replied very solemnly, "not very well." I then inquired the cause, to which Sally dispondently replied, "that she didn't know at this juncture. I feigning a deep study of Sally, and looking her thoroughly over and through, I pretended by the optimistic powers of hocus pocus to glean from her countenance what was the matter, knowing that I would have to take her by her own faith to accomplish my mission. So punching up the light and asking her to turn around so that I could see her in the face, I said to Sally with all the airs and impressiveness of a magician that was want to carry shure convieiton to Sally's ever credlous mind, I said with all the cunning that I could summons which illuminated her superstitions, Oh! yes my old gal, I see what is the matter with you now, you are bewitched! to which believing Sally replied! "thought so!" I thensaid! "I can cure you if you will only just think so, but you must believe that I can or I can't!" to which Sally now sanguine of speedy deliverance, responded, "I do believe that you can, for I never knew you to try to do anything but what you did it." Whereupon I comanded her to hold on a few minutes and I woud fix matters all up. Having Sally thoroughly impressed with the certainty of my clansing her of the evil spirits that were destroyng her peace of mind and bodily comforts, I got up and went into an adjoin-

ing room of the house where old mother Stump was, that is Michael Stump Jr's. wife, Elizabeth, Sally's mother-in-law, and I said addressing her as aunt, "I want a gourd about as big as a man's head," to which she replied in her dutch brogue, "now Dewees vot do you wants mit a gourd, some devilment I'll bet." "Hush! Hush! I said, "I want to cure Sally," to which she said, "vell then go up in the loft you know where I keep my gourds and get just such a one as you vants," I then proceeded to get me a gourd suitable for the purpose for which I wanted it. Martin Stump being then a good sized boy, I got him to take the gourd and cut a hole in it to represent a mouth, also holes to represent eyes and nostrils and cut the neck off and put a lighted candle in the gourd and when he had that done to walk out on the porch and stamp his feet for a sign to let me know that he was ready and to go on around the house to the back side, under an open window and to conceal the light until I should hollow out, "here it goes." In the meantime while these preliminaries were being perfected, I had gone back to where Sally was, and was perfecting her faith in my magical powers, chasing off ghosts and hobgoblins. In the due course of time Martin gave his signal that he was ready, whereupon I said, "now Sally I am going out of doors and raise him and when you here me say, "here it goes", you go to the open window at the back of the room and watch for its appearance, for if you don't see him it will do you no good," upon which I went out of the house and to the first corner of the house that I came to and muttered loud enough for Sally to hear in an audible voice as though calling forth unseen spirits, repeating at the corners of the house as I came to them until I came to Martin with his Jack-o-lantern gourd, who in the meantime had carried out instructions in detail, whereupon in stentorian tones that struck terror to Sally's already quaking heart, I says, "here he goes," while Martin with his hideous ghost was running. Sally at the time directed came to the open window and seeing the fleeing apparation was thoroughly convinced and had every confidence in my mesmeretic powers, exclaimed in no uncertain tones, "Oh! My God!" and fled on a dead run for the fire place crouch-

ed down by the jamb as though trying to crawl in the crevices of the rocks to hide, while I chased her fancied ghost into the limpid waters of Steer Creek, there as completely purifying Sally of ghosts as the emersion of swine in the sea purified them of the D—l. Returning to the house I found Sally by the jamb still trembling in deathly fear but thoroughly renovated of witches. At this juncture Martin and Simon and Archie, his brothers, came into the room, feigning to be in a terrible rage, expressing themselves as highly indignant and incensed with me and unceremoniously ordering me off of the premises. Whereupon I declared and re-ordering me off of the premises, whereupon I declared and remonstrated with them that I was no worse than I was when I stayed with them, to which they said that they did not know that I was possessed of omnimistic powers or they would have been very clear of letting me stay with them, and since knowing what they had just witnessed they were sure that I had to go for they would not permit such a monstrosity to haunt their premises. At which juncture I with apparent warmth re-teorted, that they would look nice if I was to get up and shake myself and turn all into a flame of fire, when the still trembling Sally still crouching and crowding nearer the jamb in pleading and suppressed voice, begged of me not to do that, on which I picked up a cat that was peacefully laying on the floor before the fire and going back to a bed standing in the corner of the room gave it to Alfred a younger brother of Martin's, then a mere boy who was lying on the bed and I whispered to him, none of the rest in the room knew that Alfred was on the bed when I call for the cat to squeal, for him, he being a tobacco user, to spit amber in the cat's eyes and throw it out on the floor. Going back and still keeping up my wrangle with the boys who were still raving and demanding of me that I turn to a flame of fire. I told them for Sally's sake I wouldn't do it, but if they didn't hush, to show them that I could do as I pleased, that I would make the cat squeal, upon which they immediately demanded that I make the cat squeal whereupon once more with all the presumption of Canute when addressing the mountain to move and with more assurance of success, I with a commanding voice



while stamping my feet on the floor, called out "squall cat, squall." Whereupon, Alfred being in thorough readiness, well loaded with ambier, spit the cat's eyes full and threw the now writhing feline squealing for dear life caplunk right out onto the floor, the now completely astonished boys, beginning to believe in Sally's illusions, as to my omnimistical powers, demanded that I stop the cat from squalling, whereupon, I commanded them to open the door and let the cat out which they did, that I wasn't bound to do everything that they told me to, and the cat coming in contact with the fresh air, its optics were relieved from the pangs of Alfred's amber. Matilda a sister of the boys, over thirty years afterwards asked me how I got the cat to squall.

I will now give my recollections of the early settlers that I knew on the West Fork and Beech and Henry's Fork waters. Zephniah Nicholas came to the West Fork from Elk river and was the father of Zephiah, Jonathan, Robert and Andrew and Miles that left the country when a young man. Zephniah Jr. married Nancy Marks. Johathan married Sarah Nutter and was murdered as I have before stated in this narrative on the 8th night of April about 1842, by the Hellfired Band. Robert married Eakey Schoolcraft, and Andrew married Elizabeth, commonly called Betsy Roy. Zephniah Sr. had a brother Leven Nicholas, who came to the West Fork sometime about the year of 1820, and lived when I first knew him on the west side of the West Fork below Mushroom, his wife was a daughter of old Isaac Mace, a sister of Henry Mace, her name being Margaret, nicknamed Peggy, whose children were Rebecca, who married first Daniel McCune, one of the Hellfired Band, and was sent to the Richmond penitentiary for the murder of his wife's cousin Jonathan Nicholas, and her second husband was Jacob Wayne. Next Solomen married Dolly Wayne, a sister of Jacob Wayne and had children that I knew Tunis, Ruban and Nancy that married Si. Starcher who lives at the junction of Beech Fork with Henry's Fork. There was Leven's other children, Jerry and Elizabeth that went away west somewhere when young people. Also there was Anna who married James W. Arnold a son of

James Arnold a noted surveyor who with his corps of surveyors away back in an early day, while surveying the Swan lands before mentioned in this narrative, while watching a lick on the farm now known as the Chany Bell place, near the mouth of a fork known as Lick Fork, about two miles up Steer run. James Arnold from his blind fired as he supposed on a buffalo and upon examination found that he had killed a steer with its ears marked, supposed by the old settlers to have strayed away from its owner from the South branch of the Potomac river and the whole Steer creek waters derived their name from the killing of this steer. Another daughter of Leven Nicholas, his youngest child Lucretia, married Charles Arnold a brother of James W. Arnold, a pioneer school teacher of the West Fork. Daniel McCune just referred to, whose wife Rebecca, the oldest child of Leven Nicholas were the parents of Mary, who married Samuel Schoolcraft, Peter that married Patty Parsons, a daughter of Joseph Parsons, Sr. who lived at the forks of the West Fork. Margaret, who married Morris Short who together with two brothers, John and Hiram came to this country from Indiana about the year of 1831. Barnibus, James commonly called long Jim, Solomen and William.

John Nutter, whose wife was Mary Mounts, together with his brother William Nutter's widow and her family came from Hughes river in Ritchie County and settled on the South side of the West Fork, just below Richardsonville, Calhoun County. John Nutter came about 1818 and was the father of Sarah, Jonathan Nicholas' wife before referred to, Elizabeth, who ried Abraham Starcher, James Nutter who married Nelly Deweese, Basiba, who married Jerry Hickman and Humphrey Nutter. The widow of John Nutter's brother William, was Molly or Mary Star before she was married, came about the same time John Nutter came and lived where Richardsonville now is. Her children were David Nutter, Isaac Nutter, whose wife was Anna Holbert, Nancy who married Jacob Starcher Sr. a son of Philip Starcher, Thomas Nutter, Levi Nutter and William Nutter.

Next I will relate what I remember of Thomas Marks, who



first came into the Cedar Creek country settling at the mouth of Long Lick run about 1828, on a farm now owned by Sam. Whiting, his wife died in the year of 1839. Thomas Marks was the father of a large family, his oldest son John, whose mother was a woman by the name of Queen, next Hiram, Ivan, Morgan, Jonas, Calvin and Perry, girls Nancy, wife of Zephnia Nicholas, Jr. Catharine, whose first husband was Philip D. Cox and second husband Rev. John Greenleaves. Debora, whose first husband was Wm. Jarvis, Sr. and second husband Wess. Brooks, and Sarah who married Jessie Runner.

I will now recite my recollection of the Parsons and Schoolcrafts. About the year of 1818, Joseph Parsons, Sr. and Anthony Parsons came to the West Fork country. Joseph settling on the Left hand fork of the West Fork on what is now known as the Adam Riep farm. The Parsons' mother was a Westbrook and their father was Charles Parsons who was killed from ambush by Indians as he in company with some others were floating down Shade river in Ohio. Charles Parsons was a red headed man and his death occurred when his son Joseph was only six years old, Joseph Parsons married Elizabeth Bush, a sister of Paulser Bush, a pioneer settler of Cedar Creek, Gilmer County. Anthony Parsons married Catharine McCune, a daughter of Peter McCune Sr. The two old original Schoolcrafts, John and Jacob, were captured together with a brother Leonard by the Indians and kept until nearly grown when they made their escape, their brother Leonard staying with the Indians, they being, after they were pretty well grown, supplied with guns and a small quantity of ammunition, which they were required on their return each day to give a strict account of, being good shots and killing game every shot, they each day hid away a shot or two of ammunition, in this way after a long while accumulating a sufficient amount, that they one morning ventured to make the attempt to return to their home which was some where on the South branch of the Potomac river. When nearing the frontier settlements, they discovered that they were being pursued by the Indians and run down under a creek bank, finding a tuft of bank sufficient for them to hide, where-

upon their pursuers passed on and soon coming dangerously near a fort they beat a hasty retreat, and passed back by the boys, who were yet in their concealment. After sometime satisfying themselves that their pursuers were gone, they pushed on and soon came in sight of the fort which sight had caused their pursuers to retreat and those in the fort sallied forth prepared for battle, the two boys coming near threw up the but of their guns which was received as a token of surrender. In their indian garb and manners having been gone for years, explained as best they could their captivity and long sojourn with the indians. An old man in the fort upon examination and hearing their story pronounced them his long lost sons, whom he had long mourned as lost. Jacob Schoolcraft married a sister to Joseph and Anthony Parsons and was the father of Aaron, James and John, daughters, Mary Ann who married John Cooper. Permelia who married Elijah Hall Sr., being his third wife, and after his death she married Solomon Nicholas, as his second wife, the Solomon Nicholas before mentioned in this narrative. James Schoolcraft married Catharine Bush, a sister to his uncle Joseph Parsons' wife. John Schoolcraft married Sarah Hall, a daughter of Elijah Hall Sr. by his second wife who was a Connolly, a daughter of Dr. George Connolly, who moved to the West Fork, settling just below the mouth of Sier's run, at Minnora, about the year of 1825, and his son Patrick Connolly whose wife was Mary Stallman, commonly called Pop, who for a half a century was a noted woman in the West Fork country, a woman of a strong mind, and a great financier. Patrick Connolly first owned and lived where what is now known as the Dufield farm, he sold it to Thomas Jarvis Sr. and moved to what was then known as the Truman mill, which was built by Job Truman, now where Joseph Knotts lives. George Connolly Jr. settled at the mouth of Lower Barne's run. The daughters of Dr. George Connolly that I knew were first the one who married Elijah Hall Sr. before narrated, next Sabria who married Abraham Melmack, who lived at what is known as the Capt. A. Knotts place, now owned by Harvey Proudfoot's wife. Abraham Helmack was a man in his day that was a great sport, and kept

things lively, he lived to be an old man leaving a large family. John Connolly a son of the old Dr. George, married a daughter of Anthony Parsons. John lived where what is now known as the Wm. Knotts homestead on the Left hand fork of West Fork, he was accused of being implicated in the Jonathan Nicholas murder and disappeared, his family following him to Missouri. Ailsey, another daughter of Dr. Connolly married Thomas Jarvis Sr. who settled on what is now known as the Lem Witt farm and owned all the country from the mouth of Sier's run up the creek to the mouth of Walnut and up both the White Oaks and was a very business man of his day, his sons were William, Alfred, Weeden, Josiah, Thomas P., Caleb, and Wesley and three daughters that I knew of, one married James Goldsmith, another one Benjamin Parsons, a grand-son of Joseph Parsons, another of Dr. Geo. Connolly's daughter Mary, married Solomon Jarvis, a brother of Thomas Jarvis Sr. and Thomas Connolly was Dr. George Connolly's youngest son, learned the blacksmith's trade under Elijah Flesher and afterwards married his daughter and put up a blacksmith shop on the South side of the river from Glenville, the County seat of Gilmer county. Thomas Connolly's wife died and his second wife was Mariah Bush a daughter of Jacob Bush who lived on Leading creek. Jacob Bush's wife's name was Hannah Fisher, from about Weston, Lewis County.

Caleb, another brother of Thomas Jarvis Sr. married Barbara Fisher, a daughter of Elias Fisher whose wife was a Bush, a sister of Michael Stump Jr's. wife. Caleb Jarvis' children were John who was killed by the falling of a tree while working on the road on Mill Stone, a tributary coming into the West Fork, just above Arnoldsburg. Perry who lived and died on Little Otter of Braxton County. Thomas who married Missouri Arnold a daughter of James W. Arnold before mentioned in this narrative. Solomen Jarvis who lived and died on Upper Nigh cut of the Left hand fork of West Fork and George Hardway's wife. Another brother of Thomas Jarvis Sr. was James who married a Berkhammer lady and was the father of Walker, Thomas Jarvis, who lived and died on Walker in Clay

county. Hardway married a Helmack, a sister of Abraham Helmack and came to West Fork and settled at the mouth of Hardway's run, on the farm now owned by Bee Hopkins, about the time the Connolleys, Jarvises and Helmaeks, and was the father of Abraham who married Delila Paxton. Catharine married Samuel Brannan Jr. George married Barbara Jarvis, a daughter of Caleb Jarvis, a daughter who married Leroy Wayne, Jacob who left the country when a young man and Hinton.

George Greenleaves told me that he was born and raised in Green County, Virginia, and run off from his parents when he was about 17 years old and came to Monongahala county, where at about 22 years old he married Nancy Ann Barnes and remained in Monongahala County until his family was about all grown and in the year of about 1828 he moved with his whole family to Steer creek, settling as a renter under Michael Stump Jr. on the farm now owned by Alexander Meadows, from whence he moved on a small tract of land which he had entered and patented under the laws of Virginia on Long's run, Cedar creek, where he died over 85 years of age, in 1849, leaving children as follows: Noah who married a Townsin lady. James married Nancy Farence. Rev. John married Sarah Norman, a daughter of James Norman Sr. and for his second wife the widow Catharine Cox, a daughter of Thomas Marks as before recited. Mary who married Felix Norman a son of James Norman Sr. Rebecca married John Marks, a son of Thomas Marks. Lucrecia that never was married. James Norman whose wife was Mary Nedley, came to this country from Barbour County and settled where Normantown now is. about 1830, his children were John who married Nancy Montgomery. Felix Norman as before stated was the husband of Mary Greenleaves. Isaac whose wife was a Jackson lady. James Nedley who was elected the first Sheriff of Calhoun County, his wife's name being Cathrine Nedley Norman, was noted for his eccentricities and comical ways. Cathrine or Katy forming a good counterpart. Nedley Norman's oldest son Alphius was also elected Sheriff of Calhoun County. Anna who married Benjamin Smarr. Seamore who

married Jemima Stump for his first wife, a daughter of Michael Stump Sr., his second wife was Sarah Bush, a daughter of Paulser Bush, before mentioned. Seamore Norman just referred to coming into possession of the lands surrounding Normantown, started the village up by having a postoffice established about the year of 1845, thereby being the man for whom Normantown was named, and Sarah who married Rev. John Greenleaves, before mentioned.

I will now give my recollection of Jacob Shock, who married Mary, a daughter of Benjamin Green, who lived about the mouth of Laurel creek on Elk river above Sutton. Jacob Shock came to Steer Creek and settled at the mouth of what is known as Shock's Mill run, where Rosedale now is, about the year of 1825, whose children were Robert who married Margaret Stump a daughter of Michael Stump Jr., Elizabeth, Sarah who married Archie Boggs, a son of James Boggs of Elk river, a son of the old original Charley Boggs, referred to in the onset of this narration. Alexander, whose wife was Eliza Stump, a daughter of Absolom Stump Sr. Mary married Miller Jake Stump, a son of Abslom Stump Sr. Rachael who was Melville Stump's second wife, he being a son of Jacob Stump Sr. Eli whose wife was Suzamar, Jacob Stump Sr's second daughter. Mariah married Alexander Meadows. Jacob who married Jemima Boggs, a sister to my first wife. Talitha who married Warren Bourn and Perry who married Druzilla Stout, a daughter of Samuel Stout of Harrison County.

There were five of the first Starchers that I first knew, about the first of my recollection who came into this country from Harrison County. Jacob Starcher settled on Mill Creek, where Ripley now is in Jackson County, the country then being in Mason County and was the father of four sons that I knew, William, Jacob, John and Manuel.

The other four old Starchers settled lived and died on the West Fork and adjacent territory. Philip Starcher, whose wife was Mary Bush, a sister to Joseph Parson's wife, he lived principally all his life on what is known as the old George Lynch place where Altizer postoffice now is, he was the father of Adam Star-

cher who married Phoebe Coger, the youngest daughter of Peter Coger Sr. Adam Starcher lived and died on a very fine farm which he by the dint and energy of his own labors carved out of the wilderness on the West Fork near the mouth of Sinking Springs, he was the father of Thomas, Peter, Henry, Jacob and John and perhaps others. Old Philip Starcher was married a second time, marrying Rebecca Mace, a daughter of old Isaac Mace, before spoken of, by this union there was Henry who married Elizabeth Wayne, a daughter of Tunis Wayne Sr., next Jacob whose wife was Nancy Nutter only daughter of William Nutter before mentioned, the husband of the widow Mary Nutter before mentioned who married John Steel and he died then she married Thomas Marks before mentioned. Philip Starcher's third son by his second marriage. Abraham married a Drinnin lady, next William commonly known as Billy Blue Head, whose first wife was Nancy Wayne a daughter of Tunis Wayne Sr. Isaac whose wife was a Tanner lady, a daughter of Jessie Tanner, and Arnold whose wife was a Blosser lady. Philip Starcher's daughters were Mary, cammonly called Polly, married John Blosser and Sarah married Solomon Greathouse. The next of the old Starchers was Daniel whose wife was Nancy Brannan, a daughter of Wighter of William Brannan sr. and Mary. Daniel Starcher first settled in the upper end of the long bottom, just above Mill Stone, known as the Jerry field, above Arnoldsburg and was the father of Billy B., whose first wife was Nancy Tanner a daughter of Jessie Tanner, and his second wife was Rosanna Barnhouse. Next Josiah P. who married Nancy Nichols, Solomon Nicholas' daughter as before stated. Daniel Starcher Sr's. daughters were Hannah who married Daniel Coger a son of Peter Coger Sr. Elizabeth who married Reece Ross, Sr. Barbara who married Henderson Cobb and next of the old original Starchers was Abraham Sr. whose wife was Elizabeth Nutter a daughter of John Nutter before spoken of, they were the parents of Mary, Sarah, Daniel and Andrew all that I ever knew and but very little of them. the last of the five old Starchers that I knew was Jessie who so far as I knew never had any family.



Tunis Wayne, Sr. married Cathrine Propps they were pioneer settlers and in my knowing lived at what was called in an early day the Lige Hall Falls, which are on the West Fork, between Arnoldsburg and Altizer somewhere near where Frank Sturms lives, they were the parents of George who married a Prine and settled on Laurel Creek in what is now Webster county where his son Lewis Wayne now lives. Thomas lived and owned the lands where Curtin's Mills are in Sutton, Braxton County, just below Grannies Creek that empties into Elk river, Jacob whose first wife was Christena Parsons, a daughter of Joseph Parsons Sr. before mentioned. His second wife was the widow Rebecca McCune as heretofore stated, and his third wife was Nancy Barnhouse, a daughter of Thos. H. Barnhouse, by his first and last wives they were the parents of a large number of children.

Old Thomas Barnhouse lived on Henry's Fork, a short distance below the mouth of Beech, Calhoun County, his first wife was Mary McCune, a daughter of Peter McCune Sr., this Mary McCune was the mother of Sam McCune, called Sam the varment who was shot and killed in his yard by his uncle Timothy McCune at the mouth of Mud fork of the West Fork, above the mouth of Stinson, where Bets Jack Murphy now lives, at the commencement of the late civil war, also Rachael who married Lewis Owens who came to this country from Massachusetts, and by this marriage just before mentioned.

Thomas Barnhouse Sr. was the father of Kiziah married Lowrenza D. Brannan a son of William Brannan Sr. Mary who married her cousin James McCune, known as long Jim, a son of Daniel McCune before mentioned. Christina married Stephen Hicks and Willis who married Rev. John A. Goff before mentioned, and Thomas Barnhouse's second wife was Druzilla Burnside by whom their children were Nancy who was Jacob Wayne's third wife as before stated. Frederick who married the widow Mary Snow, whose maiden name was Mary Casto. John who died in the Union army during the war of 1861-5. Rosanna who was Billy B. Starcher's second wife as before stated, George



Henry married a Greathouse a daughter of John Greathouse who lived on Slate near Spencer, Roane County, and Thomas.

I will now give my recollections as I knew them and heard them from the old settlers in my young days of the Brannans. I knew and heard of three old Brannans, the first one of whom I will name was Hannibal, who was a cattle dealer and away back before my time he went off with a drove of cattle and was supposed to have been murdered and next was Thomas Brannan Sr. who lived on the head of a small run that empties into the Little Kanawha river in Glenville by the name of Turkey Pen, he was the grand-father of Sant Brannan of Glenville, Gilmer County, also the great grand-father of Judge Lynn Brannan of the same place. Jessie Brannan who married the widow of Mary Wilson, the mother of Joseph Wilson who married Mary Marks a daughter of Thomas Marks before named and a child of his whom we overlooked, John Wilson whose wife was Cathrine Brannan, a daughter of William Brannan Sr. and Sarah Wilson who married Jerry Mace, a son of Henry Mace, whose father was Isaac Mace before mentioned. Jessie Brannan died and his wife the widow Wilson married Hezekiah Stout, making her his fourth wife and he her third husband, this Stout at that time owning and living at Stout's Mills above Glenville on the Little Kanawha river now known as the Spiser Mills. Jessie Brannan in his day lived on Leading Creek in Gilmer County, and he had a brother Rev Samuel Brannan who married Mary Haverty, a sister to Michael Haverty Sr. a prominent character in the pioneer days among the settlements of the West Fork as a school teacher of the old school, who believed in the maxum of "lay on McDuff and damb be he who first cries hold, enough;" also he was the father of William Haverty who lived and died on Beech Fork, Calhoun County, at what is now Milo postoffice. The two Brannans Jessie and Rev. Samuel were sons of Thomas Brannan Sr. just mentioned who lived on the head of Turkey Pen at Glenville.

Now I will give a reminissance of William Brannan Sr. whose wife was Mary Paine, he was a tailor by trade and lived at Georgetown on the Potomac river near Alexandria in the Dis-

trict of Columbia, and emigrated to the then far West in about 1804, came to where Arnoldsburg now is, stopped with Peter McCune Sr., he being a tailor by trade and an inexperienced woodsman, consequently could not wield an ax with any degree of certainty, Peter McCune Sr. not withstanding a raw irishman not long from the emerald isle, and had participated as a patriarch in behalf of the Americans in the Revolutionary war, thoroughly imbued with freedom's cause and having been in the wilderness long enough to have learned to wield an ax and knowing the bounties of the then verdent forests and crystal waters of the West Fork affording an abundance of the necessaries of life, Samaritan like, he gave up his cabin home and little improvements to William Brannan Sr. and in the long bottom just above the mouth of Rush run across the creek from and below Henry Bennington's there reared a cabin home, the first human habitation ever erected within the present confines of Washington District Calhoun County. Wm Brannan Sr. was the father of Squire William Jr., who married Catharine King, Tommy whose wife was Lydia Wilson a daughter of the widow Wilson before referred to. Jacob married Nancy Moore. Lourenza D. who married Kisziah Barnhouse before named. John married a daughter of Abraham Helmack, before named. Mary married John Truman. Elizabeth married Leonard King. Catharine married John Wilson, before named. Dianna married Alva Laughlin and Susanna first married Jacob Helmack a son of Abraham Helmack and her second husband was a Miller and Nancy who married Daniel Starcher Sr. as before narrated. The foregoing constitute principally all of the oldest settlers that I knew anything of by my coming in contact with them by association and acquaintance and hearing those with whom I was most intimate, talk of them. As far back as 1828 I can distinctly remember seeing game such as black bears a few wolves also a very few panthers, deer, wild turkey and smaller game in abundance. Sometime in the fall of 1828, James Nutter, who lived on the opposite side of the creek, just below where Richardsonville now is, came to my fathers who lived on what is known as the Jacob Starcher farm which is about two miles

up the West Fork from the mouth of Henry's Fork on his way up on the run coming into the West Fork that James Dusky now lives on at Richarsonsville, he killed a bear and came carrying it on to my fathers, swung on him shot pouch fashion, he continued hunting several days and in the time killed an old she bear and two yearling cubs, by cutting a tree that they were in, and also several deer during the time.

Adam Starcher when a young man yet living with his father Philip Starcher at their old homestead now known as the George Lynch farm came down the creek to my fathers on a hunting tour during the winter of about 1830, and on his way down he killed a mammoth big black bear and five deer, and in a few days following this Daniel McCune came to my fathers carrying a yearling bear hopped on his back, having killed it he skinned the legs out to the knees and haunches after taking the entrals out he tied the legs together and slung his bear ship on himself, shot pouch fashion. Away back before my recollection the pioneers cut out and marked a road from Clarksburg to Charleston, following the water courses along the creek bottoms and over the dividing ridges through the low gaps, not pretending to grade the hills, but going straight up one side and down the other, the nearest way to the next water course consequently in those days when the hardy pioneers with their clumsy old wagons and crude harness desired to transport freight over these roads were compelled to attach six horse teams to what these days would make two horses a very moderate load.

In about the year of 1835 a wagon road was graded through from Weston by way of Glenville to Charleston, the road when it came to the forks of Steer Creek, where the bridge crosses the Left Hand fork of Steer Creek, just above Stumptown, instead of going down through Stumptown to and up Bear Fork, as it does now, it crossed the creek and over the mountain and the Charleston end of the road was made from Charleston up Elk river, by way of Elk two mile, and on over to Jarrett's ford, where it crossed Elk river and on up to the mouth of Big Sandy Creek known as Clendennin. So far as the Steer Creek country

The next move in road developments, Jacob Stump, Sr. went to Weston, the county seat, Lewis County, then comprising all the territory as far West as the West Fork, about 1839 and secured from the County Court, an order for the review and survey of a road from the mouth of the Left Hand Fork of Steer Creek to the Braxton County line, which road was in due course of time established with himself as overseer, in those days all able bodied male citizens eighteen years old and up were required to work one and two days and sometimes all week each week out of the year, until a new road was made.

In about the year of 1812, Isaac Arnold made application and received the location with himself as overseer for a road from the mouth of the Left Hand Fork of Steer Creek down through by where Stumptown is, up Bear Fork and on to Arnoldsburg, now Calhoun County, and he warned all the available citizens of both the Steer Creek and West Fork who worked whole weeks at a time, and it being a wilderness country from Steer Creek through to Arnoldsburg, necessitating those who worked on the road to camp of nights.

The next road opened up was by Wm. Boggs my father-in-law who procured the establishment of a road from the mouth of Owen's Run which comes into the Left Hand Fork of Steer Creek, at what is now known as the Piercy farm, with Andrew B. Frame as overseer, the road passing up the Left Hand Fork of Steer Creek to the Braxton County line.

In the Bulltown country on the Little Kanawha river in what is now Braxton County, there lived an old german by the name of Berry, the father of Fielding Berry, who in turn was the father of Pemroy, James and Solomon Berry. The old gentleman Berry was a german and run a small tannery near the Bulltown salt works, and in about 1833 when the stars fell or the meteorological consteleation of the elements, the old man Berry geting up before day and noticing the commotion of the heavenly bodies became considerably excited and exercised, had grave fears that the unsettled state of the fermament was a prelude to that awful day of judgment, rallied around called up his boys

who being of drowsy natures were hard to waken, the old gentleman seeing the condition of the elements became alarmed and calling on his boys in his dutch brogue, Poys, Poys, get up here, such slumbering and sleeping around here. I often told you about it, now the world is going to an end and the leather all in the tan vat and we are in a pretty fix, jump up and run down to Mr. Hayman's and tell him to send me that little change he owes me.

I will now speak of a man who was a picturesque figure in the early settlement of Elk river and especially in Clay county, where to this day quite a host of his posterity live and are classed among Clay county's best citizens. Sennett Triplett was a man of more than the average intellect, and had been reared amid surroundings that were ample for the development of his strong mind: having completed a thorough education equal to the requirements of his day, being qualified for both the law and medicine, which latter profession he very successfully followed in his latter years. In his youthful days before the settlers had entered that vast unbroken wilderness bordering Elk river for miles and miles on either side from Charleston up to within twenty miles of Sutton, Sennett Triplett with no other companions, than his cur bear dogs and trusty flint lock hunting gun delved into the forest to lead the romantic life of a recluse, he threw up a camp in the then wilderness of the Buffalo country, in what was then Nicholas County, after his having as Silkirk been Lord of all he surveyed, for some years as was common in the early settlements and especially entries of large surveys of land, a time came when Sennett Triplett, the hermit, together with his varied other accomplishments was practical surveyor and aided largely and materially in locating many of the large surveys within the vast wilderness over which he roamed, was wanted as a witness in court at Summersville, the County seat of Nicholas County, a place he had never visited. Accordingly he was summoned as a witness in a suit pending in the Circuit Court which in due time came on for hearing, Triplett notwithstanding the wearing apparel of the day was made up largely of rustie homespun and skins of wild beasts, made his appearance

robed in a hunting shirt girded about his loins with the bark of a leatherwood with moccasins on his feet and a cap made of a coon skin or fox hide with the tail of the pelt hanging down his back with his trusty mountain rifle and bear dogs accompanying him, thus it was, he, Sennett Triplett made his appearance before his honor, the Judge, in open court in the court house in Summersville, whereupon Triplett in typical Davy Crockett style stepped to one corner of the court house, set his long barreled flintlock hunting gun down in the corner hanging his shot pouch and powder horn on the muzzle, while some seven of his choicest cur hunting bear dogs lay down around the britch of his mountain rifle, keeping vigilant watch, whereupon the master removed his cap and in due respect to his honor, the court, placed it under his arm, repaired to a seat waiting his call to give testimony regarding some lines involving a land title in obedience to the court's summons, in due course of time the cause in which he was summoned came on for hearing, oblivious of the curiosity that his uncouth apparel, disheveled and uncombed hair, long and hoary beard were exciting. Litigants were called and lawyers argued each for the mastery of his own side and witnesses were introduced and testified in their turn until Sennett Triplett next was called, who came forward in his romantic and Defoe garb, with all the simplicity of his seclusive nature, naturally his ostracism of himself from society and civilization made him shy of intellectual intercourse which opposing counsel noticing, naturally desirous of taking advantage of every technicality that presented itself for his client, challenged Triplett's competency as a witness. Upon which the court replied, taking in the general appearance of the witness, "I don't know, ask Mr. Triplett a few questions," whereupon the astute attorney believing that he had things moving his way asked Triplett who made him, whereupon he replied, looking as idiotical as he could, "I don't know, Moses I reckon," adding the enquiry to the attorney, "who made you?" Who now feeling that he had unbuckled the belly band of eternity replied "Aaron I reckon," to which Triplett who was thoroughly wrought up, replied, well, well, I have



often read in that good book where Aaron made a calf, but I didn't know the darn thing was bauling around here yet."

In October of 1855, I crossed the Ohio river at a riffle at what was then the upper end of Pomeroy, having a four horse team and wagon, one of my leaders being a small Indian pony, nowhere in crossing was the water over knee deep to the pony it was the driest year I ever knew, and in September 1857, there was a very severe frost followed by a heavy and long continued rain, causing the corn to nearly all rot and on the 5th night of June, 1859, as is noted for one of the most severe frosts known to the oldest settlers, cutting all vegetation down necessitating the replanting of corn, wheat fields being entirely ruined.

While I have always been very decided in all questions religiously and politically, but I always endeavored in maintaining my opinions to respect those who differed from me at all times and on all occasions, and when the dark and gloomy days of 1861-5 came on, I lived on what is known as the head of Piper, a tributary of the Crooked Fork of Steer Creek in Gilmer County, and in 1861, along in the early fall on the dividing ridge between Pipers Fork and Bender's Run, a Union soldier was killed from ambush by someone unknown to me. A short time after which occurrence a squad of fifteen Union soldiers commanded by Lieutenant James Conley came along and took me a prisoner or rather from what I could glean from them they suspicioned me of either killing the Union soldier, or at any rate they intended that my life should atone for the Union soldier who had been killed. Starting with me they went in the direction of the illfated spot where the Union soldier had been killed, keeping my composure I proceeded to entertain my captors with stories that I hoped would throw them off of their guard, which to my comfort succeeded and in the middle of a story which was highly entertaining to them, just as we were nearing the fatal spot as we were passing along a path single file past a dense growth of underbrush, I saw my chance to elude a dose of yankey pills, which I was very desirous of avoiding, I gave a sudden bound made a successful dash for freedom, by the covering of dense copse I was enabled to completely elude



my pursuers, whereupon, after getting to myself and meditating over my situation, and studying my surroundings, I decided my only course to pursue was to strike for Dixie's land and volunteer in the army, which I did, by enlisting in Capt. S. H. Campbell's Company of the 19th Virginia Cavalry. General W. L. Jackson, commonly called Mudwall, commanding, where I remained with the varied incidents common to a soldier's life. After about one month after my enlistment I went home on a furlough, getting home in the night, I, stayed in the house until morning, when I went to the woods for safety, remaining until next morning about daybreak, I was slipping in home, when on nearing the house I stopped to reconnoiter and casting my gaze over the landscape of my surroundings I spied two Union soldiers on an eminence overlooking the premises surrounding my house, one of them raising to his feet. Just as I saw them I took deliberate aim and fired at them, upon which they beat a hasty retreat, bidding adieu to their surroundings, the one who rose up just as I spied them having on a fine large soldier overcoat, deeming it cumbersome laid off his yankey blue great coat so that he could get faster away from the harmless sound of rebel guns. When I felt pretty sure that Mr. Yanks were gone, I very eagerly appropriated the vacant and abandoned overcoat, which article to me was a very necessary luxury, with which I immediately started for rebeldom, where I stayed until February, 1862. I came home and immediately went back to the army, returning home once during the summer of 1862. I was at the battle of Fredericksburg on the eve of which I wrote the following letter to my wife and little children.

When I parted away from you  
With grief and sorrow and trouble too  
You gave to me your parting hand  
And wished me safe in Dixie's land.

Your tears like fountains seemed to flow,  
When you all saw I had to go.  
It almost broke my throbbing heart,  
When I from you was bound to part.

My children dear, how they did cry,  
Saying, "We fear our pa will die,"  
Mother, this, we ne'er can stand,  
For now he's gone to Dixie's land.

Then I did on my journey steer,  
O'er mountains high, and rivers clear,  
Through a desert wild, o'er barren sand,  
I steered my course for Dixie's land.

When I got there it was hard I'm sure,  
Our bread was sad and beef was poor,  
But I joined the Southern band  
To fight and die for Dixie's land.

I have enlisted in the Southern war  
Content to suffer a soldier's fare,  
To lie upon the ice and snow,  
Through rain and hail we're bound to go.

We hear the muskets loudly beam,  
The soldiers all with eager scream,  
The cannon like claps of thunder roar,  
Which tells that many live no more.

I hope that God will spare my life  
To see my poor dear loving wife,  
And take my children on my knee,  
And sing to them of liberty.

I was at Lynchburg and followed Hunter on his retreat, also I was in a skirmish at Beverly, Randolph county, July 4th, 1863, and was captured on the 31st day of December, 1863 on

Point mountain, near Addison the County seat of Webster County, by Lieutenant Shreaves, commanding a squad of Union scouts belonging to General Averal's command. They took me to Beverly where they kept me for about a week, when with seven other prisoners, a part of whose names I remember, James Gregory, Jessie Paine, Daniel Pardue, George Wayne and Wm. Lynch, we were started on foot guarded by a Lieutenant and fourteen others as a guard, all of whom were dutch and belonged to the 28th Ohio regiment of infantry for Grafton, where we took a train for Wheeling, on our way to Grafton, when about seventeen miles from Beverly, we were passing a farm the house being something like seventy to one hundred yards from the road, the man of the house whose name was Corley came running to the road just as we were passing opposite the house and calling to the dutch Lieutenant says, "Hah! got prisoners, eh!" to which the Lieutenant replied, "yes we've got some prisoners" whereupon Corley climbing upon the fence to give himself a greater air of importance says, "These are the very men who stole, naming some farmers in the neighborhood horses," upon which James Gregory protested our innocence at which juncture I spoke up and says to Corley, you have no right to say anything sir, whereupon Corley wanted to know why? and I says why sir, I don't deny taking the horses, and just as sure as I had any hand in, taking them horses you showed them to us which Corley bitterly denied, and I insisting that as sure as we took the horses he showed them to us and when he did a thing to never deny it, that I had never denied taking the horses, and for him not to be denying it, on which Corley says, well it is no use to argue with a pack of rebels, whereupon I says to the Lieutenant, "that is enough to prove he was with us or he wouldn't have known us so well," to which the Lieutenant replied, "that is so." Corley still jawing back that he was going to the house that it was no use to talk to a d——b rebel, at which juncture the Lieutenant says, no you will not go back to the house neither, sir. To which Corley asked why? Because you go along with us, says the Lieutenant, whereupon Corley said, well I will have to go over to the house to get some other clothes,

to which the Lieutenant observed that his clothes were sufficient. I'll have to go over to the house and let my family know where I am going said Corley, you can hollow over said the Lieutenant and tell them, whereupon Corley hollowed and his wife coming out said, what do you want? Corley replied don't be uneasy, I am going with these men, the woman says, when will you be back? To which Corley replied, Oh, this evening, or in the morning, at which juncture I says, O, Corley, you should not tell a lie, you don't know when you are coming back, which Corley answered very curtly, you mind your own business, to which I said, I thought that I was, I always hated to hear a man tell a woman a lie, at which juncture our dutch Lieutenant gave command, forward, march, with our friend Corley in ranks marching with us, a sadder, but wiser man, sullenly keeping his own counsel, the monotony of which I occasionally broke by asking Corley if he didn't wish now that he hadn't shown those horses, which Corley bitterly denied, while I admonished him when he did a thing never to deny it, I don't deny taking the horses, which tactics I at stated intervals kept up, until we arrived at Grafton, where we were put on board the cars and freighted through to Wheeling, where we prisoners were promoted to the guard house, rebel prisoners of war, and our friend Corley was taken somewhere else. Next morning, just after we had dispatched our breakfast, our dutch Lieutenant came to the barracks door and called for me and informed me that I was wanted at headquarters, to give evidence against my confederate Corley, as an accomplice at horse stealing, whereupon I realized that I was up against the real thing and summoning up courage, I resolved to face the ordeal, Corley and the court marshal, with all the presumption of one knowing his business and intent on doing it. We came to the place where we found a court of inquiry, composed of three officers and Corley the prisoner at the bar looking crestfallen and as though if he was back in his cabin home in Randolph County, rebel horse thieves would have no charms or cares for him. My dutch Lieutenant introduced me to the court marshal, as the witness who could tell them about Corley's connection with me in horsestealing. One

of the court asked me to relate as to the prisoner at the bar, Corley's connection in horse stealing, to which I replied by asking him, if he would take the evidence of a rebel against a good Union man? Whereupon the officer replied, I thought a rebel could tell the truth, to which I replied, that I thought so, but I didn't know whether he thought so, but I presume that you are going to have me sworn, to which the officer replied, can't you tell the truth without being sworn? I answered, yes sir, and you are just as sure to get it. Whereupon I was told to go on and relate what I knew of Corley's connection with some stolen horses in Randolph County, referring to the dutch Lieutenant, I said, 'you know what I have said all the time and now if I vary from that one word, I want you to tell me,' to which he said, 'vell, I vill just do dot.' When I then addressed myself to the court, saying, Honored Court, this man Corley came out to the road as we were passing his place, as I suppose, and there arrested that I with others of we prisoners were the very identical ones that had stolen the horses in his country. I will just say so that this court may know that I have never denied taking the horses and don't intend to deny it, and just as sure as I had any hand in taking those horses, this man Corley showed us them, as an evidence of which how would he have known us if he hadn't been with us, at which juncture one of the court said sure enough, another officer said isn't that enough and the third one said, that's enough, and for me to stand aside, and ordered the Lieutenant to return me to the guard house, when the Lieutenant requested to be permitted to stay and hear the verdict, which permission was granted, with a caution to keep vigilant watch over me, whereupon I assured them that I would make no attempt to leave or escape, until returned to the guard house. The court after some deliberation passed judgment, and convicted Corley to close confinement and to wear ball and chain during the war, on which Corley groaned and said, Oh! that's hard to bear for a lie, to which I says ever being on the alert to make life lonesome for Corley, well what did you tell it for? Being the last that I saw or ever heard of Corley.

I was sent on to Camp Chase, Ohio, and from there to Ft. Delaware, where I underwent the vicissitudes and privations that thousands of my fellow countrymen and co-rebels underwent being finally exchanged at Richmond on the 23rd day of September, 1864, being emaciated and sick from the effects and privations of prison experiences and hardships, I didn't get back to my home and family until in the Spring of 1865, a short time before the war closed.

In the fall of 1839, I started from Michael Stump Jr's. from his home where Elliott Stump now lives on Steer Creek, just above Stumptown, to visit my sisters, who lived in Jackson County, my sister Elizabeth living with the family of George Click and Sarah with Samuel King's family. I went through afoot, by way of Arnoldsburg, Calhoun County, it being known then as Benjamin Arnold's farm, his residence being where what is now known as the old Perry Grine Hayes homestead, is at the mouth of Spring Run. I went on through by where Spencer, Roane County, now is. Spencer in those days not being dreamed of, I passed on to Mill Creek and stayed all night with a man by the name of Hamilton the second night, and next morning as was common in those days, I persued my journey before breakfast, after some few miles travel I called at Tapler Garns' about 9 o'clock for my breakfast, being told that I would be accommodated as soon as it was ready, whereupon I entered the dwelling which as was common in those days, the sitting room, parlor, bedroom, dining' room, and kitchen were all combined in one, where I found Mrs. Anna Ganes the gentle lady of the house industriously engaged over the fire, stoves being rare articles of domestic utility in those dase, busily engaged stirring a pot of mush with a long handled paddle especially made for the purpose, mush in those days being a common and staple menu for breakfast, the ever industrious Anna kept busily plying her paddle making it say "my caot flapper; your coat flapper," about which time I having already sat down and was absorbed in Anna's paddle mush music of my coat flapper; your coat flapper, musing on the deliciousness of Anna's coming mush well seasoned with good thiek sweet milk and still I heard the



chime of my coat flapper; your coat flapper, at which juncture a big yellow dog one of the family named Buck came marching right into the house and unceremoniously took a prominent seat near the fire, setting down on his haunches very near Anna, and his nose protruding uncomfortably near the mush pot, contenting himself very compassidly to the hum of Anna's plying the mush paddle, my coat flapper; your coat flapper. Buck by this time becoming comfortable stretched himself to his full height and yawned, opening his mouth full wide right in Anna's face and over the now thoroughly boiling mush foaming my coat flapper; your coat flapper, whereupon the now exasperated Anna suspended stirring mush long enough to haul back the mush paddle to her full height well ladened with steaming mush and took the unsuspecting Buck a murderous blow, over the head and eyes filling his optics full of hot mush, rapidly repeating the blows, the now thoroughly dumfounded Buck made a rush for the door but being totally blinded he landed against the far wall of the house with the ever determined Anna in hot pursuit, raining the blows on Buck's yellow hide with the mush paddle, which shower of paddled blows were not suspended until usurping Buck blinded with hot mush and paddled blows, bewildered and beat half into unconseiousness in his wild career at last blundered thoroughly scourged more dead than alive out at the door, in the pandamoniam Buck luckily found to the no little relief of the poor dog, who no doubt thanked his guiding star that he had found a more genial clime, where mush paddles didn't flow, the undaunted Anna now feeling triumphantly victorious, calmly returned to her mush pot without more or less ado or in any manner washing or cleaning her mush paddle, straightway began busily plying, my coat flapper; your coat flapper, as contentedly and unconcerned as if yellow dogs never entered the sanctum of her quietness. I by this time realized that Anna in spite of dogs or mush paddles meant to have mush for breakfast, and I, equally determined as Anna, decided that I didn't want mush for my breakfast, and especially mush that had been stirred through such a storm of dogs and accordingly made my excuses in spite of Anna's insisting invitation and assurance

that if I would only stay, that I should have my breakfast and welcome, and not a cent to pay; all of which I graciously and courteously declined, and plodded on while Anna continued to busily ply my coat flapper; your coat flapper, coming pretty soon and unexpectedly to Mr. Click's where my sister Elizabeth was staying, where I got my breakfast and set in to work, staying all winter, during which I having falling beneath the galling wrath of Anna Garnes as had Buck on the morning I called for breakfast for making the following rhyme, Joseph Garnes, Tapler Garnes' father coming to George Click's to stay all night, as we were all sitting around the fireside the old man Garnes proposed that we each, he and I compose a rhyme to which I consented, and told him to lead off, which he did as follows.

There was an old man lived under the hill  
 That had three wives and that was too many,  
 There is old Boggess who wants a wife,  
 And poor old fellow can't get any.

Upon which I followed with:  
 The children of Israel wanted bread,  
 And the Lord sent them manna,  
 Tapler Garnes wanted a wife  
 And the d——I sent him Anna.

I was passing Garnes' one day and the ever officious Buck contested my passage which the Garnes noticed, and hissed the dog who came after me for blood, whereupon I retreated in good order and went back to George Click's where I was staying and told Mr. Click that I wanted his gun to shoot a Buck, proceeding back to Garnes' I encountered the same obstacle, which I removed with a well directed shot from Click's mountain rifle and Buck passed to where mush paddles are not known.

#### FORT BUCKEYE.

During my membership with the Mt. Carmel Baptist Church which was then in an old log church that stood on the creek bank at the Left Hand Fork of Steer Creek, above Normantown, in

Gilmer County, just opposite where Squire Jacob Boggs lived, at a particular time a good deal of contentions and confusion predominated the business and religious exercises of our church. Capt. Bill. Bennett, leading a general onslought on every move that was made in the church, never attending only when he wanted to make war on some move or business that had been transacted by the church or regulate some delinquent member who had fallen beneath the scrutiny of Capt. Bill's criticizing eye, at a particular time the church being destitute of pastor, there being two young members licensed ministers, one of them Adam Westfall was called by the church at a church meeting in Capt. Bill's absence to supply the officieri of a regular minister until one could be procured, at the next church meeting day. After services had begun I in company with several others was some little distance from the church, when we saw Capt. Bill and a good crowd of his adherents coming marching in James Norman, then a young man, seeing Capt. Bill and his squad coming and knowing his mission, said, yonder they come, the d——I is to pay and no pitch hot. Those who were in the house devining Capt. Bill's mission, accepted Rev. Adam Westfall's resignation, and dispensed without Capt. Bill's remonstrance against Westfall's pastorate. A few mornings after this occurence Capt. Bill. on arising and going out to his front yard gate found a letter addressed to him containing the following poetry.

There was a little feeble band  
 Just here the other day,  
 Met at Fort Buckeye  
 To try to sing and pray.

But Satan's force was just above  
 There standing in disguise  
 And moved down on the little band  
 And took it by surprise.

Old Capt. Bill. was head of all,  
He called his force to him,  
And bravely marched off down the way,  
Till he came to Col Jim.

But Col. Jim was wounded now,  
And wounded near the heart,  
From this same band some years ago,  
Received a fatal dart.

He had lost his sword and could not fight  
But still he had a spear,  
And all the fighting that he could do  
Was sitting on his chair.

He gave command to Capt. Bill,  
And mustered in his force.  
Old squatty Marg. and Harriette Ann  
And Susan too of course.

So they marched bravely down the way  
And coming pretty close  
Where they met with Corporal Marsh,  
You ought to hear him boast.

A Judas and a Pharisee,  
Hethinks he is a King.  
He prays more loud than all the crowd,  
You ought to hear him sing.

But Joseph played the cowards part,  
When the fray began,  
As quick as Capt. Adam fell  
He took his hat and ran.

Now Gen. Sneak was in the rear  
And Pride upon the right,  
Gen. Scorn upon the left  
And Self-wise fronts the fight.

So all the hosts of h—l was there,  
 'Twas plain for men to see,  
 And of course against a little band,  
 Would gain the victory.

### A CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCE.

A way back over half a century ago, about 1848, Lewis County, embraced all the territory as far West as the West Fork country and with Braxton County comprised a delegate district entitled to one member of the legislature to represent their constituency in the general assembly at Richmond, Virginia the elections being held in those days in the Spring of the year, candidates declared themselves the fall and winter preceding the election. Benjamin Byrne, of Braxton County, also Frank Boggs of the same county and Elim Mitchell of about Weston, and Thomas Jarvis, Sr. of the West Fork were Lewis County's candidates, as was common in those days in campaigns Lewellin Frame and myself composed the following poem on the candidates:

We can't elect Elim with his dirty paws,  
 Nor Ben Byrn with his long possum jaws,  
 In the Spring of the year when coons catch frogs,  
 Out slipped one they called Frank Boggs,

The following is a song that I composed on the division of the union and can be sung to the tune of Tippacanoë or Rosin the Bow.

Come all you valiant young Southerners  
 And all you mean Northerners too,  
 Come listen a while to my story,  
 I have something worth telling to you,  
 In eighteen hundred and sixty  
 The union was torn in twain,  
 And neither blood nor slaughter,  
 Can ever unite it again.

Because of the great division,  
That severed the union so dear,  
They elected a black Abolition  
To sit in the Presidential chair.  
The South was under oppression,  
The North still lived at its ease,  
With their hands in the Government's Treasury  
To their elbows whenever they please.

The North wants the State of Virginia  
For it's abundance of mineral and oil,  
It's cotton, tobacco and sugar,  
That is produced in the Southern soil.  
But the Union men of Virginia,  
Are worse than the Northern crew,  
They steal and rob their poor neighbors,  
There is nothing to mean for them to do.

There is one thing that makes them feel bigger,  
When their neighbors they are trying to destroy,  
They think that they are as good as a negro,  
Which gives them a great deal of joy,  
We will now wind to a close our singing  
By bidding Jeff Davis huzzah,  
Still wishing that he may press onward,  
'Till he drives the last Yankey away.

The following is a production composed and rendered in competition with Capt. A. Knott's when in a camp under a rock camp near the top of the dividing ridge at the head of Lowry's run, heading up against R. J. Chenoweth's farm and old homestead on the Left Hand Fork of the West Fork waters during the dark and declining days of the war of the rebellion of 1861-5.



## THE THREE WISHES.

I wish that I was an Alderman  
Of some great whoppen city,  
For Aldermen my mammy saye,  
Are awful wise and witty  
They live on beef and turtle soup,  
Of wine they drink their fill,  
Smoke and chew like jolly dogs,  
The people pays the bill.

I wish that I was the President  
Of these United States,  
I would catch all Abolitionists  
And crack their nasty pates,  
I would lick the Yankees like a sack  
I would fill this world with wonder,  
I would hang old Abe in spite of Seward  
And all the Yankee thunder.

I wish that I was an elephant,  
With twenty feet of snout,  
Ah! wouldn't I creation thrash  
And wallop them about,  
I would take the tiger by the leg,  
The lion by the tail,  
And sling them round and round my head,  
Like Paddy did the flail.

There is uncle Abe with mighty bones  
They found somewhere down west  
Might have a chance to try his pluck  
If he concluded best,  
I would drum upon the creatures side  
'Till all his bones would rattle,  
And sirs the way his sloops be  
A caution to horned cattle.

The following is a version of a skirmish which took place between a squad of rebels, among the bunch was myself, we being on our way to our respective homes on furloughs and a company of union soldiers.

### THE WEBSTER COUNTY FRAY.

In Webster County we had a little fray,  
 Took place in Hacker's Valley, in the evening of the day,  
 The Yankees came on ninety men strong,  
 For to play us Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh!

We were taking the world easy without a spy,  
 And knew nothing of the Yankees, 'till they come nigh.  
 They fired on our guard while we were in the yard,  
 And began playing us, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh! .

Some of our boys took fright and run,  
 The Yankees laughed and thought it fun,  
 But fifteen of us fought with a well directed shot,  
 And played for them a rebel double dandy Oh!

They fired on us as we marched up the point,  
 And holored for Lincoln, to give us a taunt  
 But they soon became afraid as our rifle music played  
 Our rebel dandy doodle, Oh!

Four we wounded and sixteen slain,  
 Enough to let them know if they came back again  
 That we were the boys who fear no noise  
 And would play them all the rebel music they wanted  
 to know.

Their number was reduced to three score and ten,  
 And down to the water they drug their dead men,  
 And threw them in drift and run away swift  
 From the rebel rifle music Yankee Doodle Dandy, Oh! .

When we had fired out our three rounds  
 We left the field both safe and sound  
 In spite of all the quirks we had not a man hurt  
 Playing rebel yanke doodle dandy, Oh!

As before stated this fray occurred in Hacker's Valley, Webster County, W. Va., in the fall of 1862 as a squad of thirty of us commanded by a comrade Mathew Prine, we had called at a man's house by the name of Cowger for supper, when we were surprised and as recited by foregoing poetry by a squad of Union cavalry quartered at Bulltown.

In the fall of 1861 while staying with a gentleman in Pocahontas County, W. Va., by the name of Clark, I composed the following for the amusement of his little son:

When I was a little boy I walked up and down,  
 And chanced to stop in a seaport town,  
 The drums they beat and the cannons did roar  
 And the people there told me the war wern't o'er

In come a soldier, so very neat and fine,  
 Come, landlady, draw me a pint of wine,  
 And we will charge it to the barrow along with the old score  
 And I will pay you for your liquors when the wars are  
 all o'er.

In come the barber wishing little harm,  
 With a great long beard as long as your arm,  
 Saying if I don't get a kiss from the girl I adore  
 I don't intend to shave 'till the wars are all o'er.

In come the Taylor and loud he did say  
 The way I make my living is by four and six a day  
 Mending up old clothes all ragged and tore  
 And they will never get new ones 'till the wars are all o'er.

In come the Blacksmith, greatest trade of all  
 Sold his bed and blankets for iron and coal,  
 And took up his logging, on the cold floor,  
 He may lay there and freeze 'till the wars are all o'er.

In come the beggar with a coon on his back,  
 Picked up a hoe cake and slipped it in his sack.  
 He cut me off a quarter and swore I'd get no more  
 And I don't intend to eat it until the wars are all o'er.

In come the d——l with a negro on his back,  
 Picked up a yankee to balance his napsack.  
 The yankey rode behind and the negro rode before  
 And away they went a jogging 'till the wars are all o'er.

### THE SOUTHERN BABE.

There is a little Southern babe  
 It is the child I fancy,  
 Born away down in the South,  
 Begot by Wm. Yancy.

In South Carolina it was born,  
 Raised up in Alabama,  
 Before it was six months old  
 It spoke of Pap and Mamma.

Old Henry Wise was at its birth  
 He picked it up and nursed it,  
 And like a mother did appear  
 And to his bosom pressed it.

Jeff Davis gave to it a name  
 The safe guard of the Nation,  
 Whereupon to Nicholas, Gen. Floyd came,  
 To hold a celebration.

Gen. Tyler came rattling on  
His heart was full of murder  
But when he got to the cross lanes  
He could get no further.

He jumped upon his fleetest horse  
And road off in a canter  
And William followed close behind  
And gave many a banter.

His pig and 'taters on the fire  
He left them all a frying,  
And Jeff's boys eat them up  
While Lincoln's was a flying.

Then Rosecrans broke up camp  
And came thundering on through Sutton  
And when he got to Powel's mountain  
He found some very sharp shooting.

One hundred and thirty of Jeff's boys,  
It was a feeble power  
But the champion there they bayed  
The space of seven hours.

Then they retreated down the pike,  
Towards old Summersville  
And Rosecrans followed on  
A swearing that he would kill.

A bank they raised to hide their breasts,  
Not that they thought of dying.  
But because they choose to rest  
Unless their game was flying.

Behind it stood our feeble force  
Nor wished to be greater,  
For every man was half a horse  
And half an aligator.

Now Rosecrans he cannot trade  
We learned from Gauley battle  
For there he gave three thousand men,  
For fifty head of cattle.

His government gave him a wrap  
And sent him off a reeling,  
The very next news we have of him,  
He was landed back in Wheeling.

Old Pierpoint said he wanted him  
To set there for a nuisance,  
For his arm it was too slim,  
To break the constitution.

Secesion is the baby's name  
Secesion did la di do  
Secesionism is the plan,  
If you don't know it I do.

Having from my earliest recollection been profoundly imbued and impressed religiously I early in life determined to pursue a religious life and when a mere boy of not more than eight years of age I made a vow in my own mind to live an upright honorable and religious life and being left an orphan when scarcely reaching young manhoods estate with no one of a kindred tie to look to for counsel and advice, but good fortune being my portion that I found a home at all times with the best families and was ever the recipient of the encouragement and counsel and advice of the best citizens, especially from the time that I went to live in the home of Michael Stump Jr., who was a devout christian and maintained religious influences



in his every day life at his home. His wife Elizabeth (Bush) Stump was an exemplary christian mother as was all the children who were near my age and older, all being members of the Missionary Baptist Church, being the only branch of the christian religion regularly organized in the Steer Creek country the first church was organized at the home Absalom Stump, Sr., who lived at the mouth of Bear Fork of Steer Creek near where the widow Katy Stump's home is at the lower end of Stumptown about the year of 1833, as well as I now remember, by Rev. James Tisdale, with Michael Stump, Jr. and his wife Elizabeth, Absalom Stump, Sr. and his wife Margaret, Jacob Stump, Sr. and his wife Jane, Wm. Boggs and his wife, Sarah and their daughter Elizabeth, who was my first wife, we marrying in 1847, and others whom I do not now remember. The church was named Mt. Pisgah, which church is maintained to the present day with assurance of continuing so long as the influences and precepts of the sturdy founders of the Mt Pisgah church are heeded and respected by those who follow in their train. For the first few years services were held once a month in rotation at the dwelling houses of Absalom Stump, Sr., Jacob Stump, Sr., who lived at the mouth of Crooked Fork of Steer Creek where his son Bailey Stump now resides and Wm. Boggs' who lived at the mouth of Steer Run, where the Carry Mollohan farm is. During the summer of 1843 one Sunday at a prayer meeting which was being conducted at the residence of Wm. Boggs, during the services James Norman a man of devout mind and very reserved and timid, a gray haired pilgrim whose sands of time were neary run, in the course of the services arose and for the first time he was ever known to speak in public gave such a profound and convincing exortation that all who were present were soul feelingly stired and sensibly impressed, I myself being so forcibly imbued and touched by father Norman's appeal that not long after I joined the church and was baptized in Steer Creek just below the forks of Steer Creek at Stumptown, by Rev. Carr Bailey who was pastor of Mt. Pisgah Church from 1842 to 1844 and was received into full fellowship and continued a member of the Mt. Pisgah Bap-

tist Church at Stumptown Gilmer County, then Virginia, now West Virginia, over fourteen years. Changing my membership in 1857 to the Mt. Carmel Baptist Church on the left hand fork of Steer Creek, on the opposite side of the Creek from where Squire Jacob S. Bogg's old homestead was, in an old hewed buck-eye log church, Rev. Daniel Huffman being pastor of the church, and while here I wish to say that while speaking of the Mt. Pisgah church, I wish to say a few things farther, regarding my recollections of its early history, the first five pastors, four of them, Rev. Cornelus Huff was second pastor; Rev. Anthony J. Garrett was third pastor; Rev. Carr Bailey fourth pastor and Rev. Matthew Mattocks was fifth. While I was a member of Mt. Pisgah church, Revs. Daniel Huffman and John Stump were licensed to preach. Until 1859 we were in the Broad Run Association, which met that year at the Mouth of Sandy, now known as Clendennin, Kanawha County, Jacob S. Boggs and myself being delegates to the association for the Mt. Carmel church. At this association, on motion of Rev. James Griffin, which motion was seconded by Rev. Sigfreed, it was ordered that a certain number of churches, embracing the territory comprising the territory of Sandy waters, West Fork, Steer Creek and some adjacent territory should appoint delegates to meet at the Mt. Pisgah Church and form a new association, which in something like two months was complied with. Joseph Coberly and myself representing Mt. Carmel Church. We met with the Mt. Pisgah Church at Rev. Daniel Huffman's residence, and was duly organized and christened the Mt. Pisgah Baptist Association, in honor of the church with which it met, with Rev. James Griffin as moderator. As is more or less the case in all secular, secret, or organized bodies, dissensions, rivalry and petty jealousies arise, which scourge during my membership in the Mt. Carmel Church was at times more or less rife. During the dark and bloody days from 1861-5, the Mt. Carmel Church was presided over by Rev. John Stump, a man reared up on Steer Creek, during the as it were embryo period, when the sturdy pioneers and their progeny were ushering in and battling against the inconveniences and obscurity enveloping them, striving to at-

tain a higher plain in citizenship intellectually and religiously and being wholly dependent upon his own efforts to acquire an education or even be in touch with centers where men of great intellectual minds and accomplishments mingle and co-mingle, he was a man who unmistakably left marked impress in the wake of his long arduous and eventful life. In 1865 when I returned from the turmoils and gory scenes that characterized that merciless struggle, the Rebellion, I found the Mt. Carmel Church, spiritually, religiously and morally revived, active and prosperous, attributable to in a large measure, Rev. John Stump's untiring energy and devout piety, which continued on for some time, until about 1869, when evil influences and designing meniality obscured that unity and brotherly love that is indispensable to christian unity, during which dissensions and the church broil I had a dream on the night of 26th of April, 1870: in my slumber I dreamed that I had a very severe and sensitive pain in my left breast, causing a soreness from which my left side became swollen and hooved up about my heart, causing great effort to breathe, and in my sore afflictions I wondered why my friends and neighbors didn't visit me and see me in my sickness and afflictions, being able to stand alone and by great effort and excruciating suffering by the aid of my cane I could walk by carefully picking my way, I went in quest of my neighbors and friends, whom I found sick, all of them near unto death, which greatly concerned me, as they were all helpless and in a perishing condition and I began casting about what was to be done. I started in quest of aid and a cure for my friends and neighbors and also myself, not knowing where to go, in my wanderings I suddenly came to a very deep snow, some places over my head, but I pressed on and on for a long distance through the snow, until I was entirely fatigued and physically exhausted, hunger and sickness were upon me, I came to a barn, I decided that I would climb up into the mow and rest on the hay, whereupon I started to ascend into the barn, I felt something pushing and assisting me into the mow upon reaching, which I turned and looked back to see the good samaritan, who was thus helping me, and I beheld a woman,

who I asked whose premises I was on, to which she replied, "that they belonged to her and her daughters and she continued by asking me if I wasn't hungry and tired?" I replied that I was, and very sick besides, whereupon she bid me rest, and when I felt refreshed come on to the house, she would go on and in the meantime she would prepare me food and refreshments, I in due time feeling rested and refreshed arose and wended my way to the house, passing through a shedded or covered passway untrameled by snow and on my way to the house as I was passing along my covered passway I discovered and realized that I was naked which sorely discomforted me and I meditated turning off another way, but kept on, thinking that as the good woman was no doubt waiting for me, that I would go to the house and stand by the door and call to the lady telling her my condition, she could hand me out a garment, so that I could clothe myself and come in, whereupon I was at the side of the door which was standing open, and looking in I saw a man to whom I called. He seeing my condition commanded the woman to hand me covering. I was furnished with a white robe which I doned and went into the house, the man gave me a seat and when I was sat down, the man arose and stood before me and asked me, where I was from? Whereupon I told him that I was from a distressed land, where my friends and neighbors and even myself were all sick of sore affliction nigh unto death, opening the robe I had on, I showed him my bosom and told him of my afflictions, pain and suffering, whereupon the man laid his hand upon my head saying "thou sufferer, thou shall be healed and cleansed of all thy suffering and pain." looking up I saw copious streams of tears runnig down his cheeks and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out something and gave it to me, its dazling luster and brilliancy being such that I could not behold it, he bid me take it that it would heal all nations, tribes and kindred tongues, which upon my taking it instantly healed me and I was well and I fell down before my benefactor and thanked him, and imploring him to permit me to adore and love him, whereupon he commanded me to arise and hasten to my friends and neighbors and heal them, lest

they die, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth. I did as I was bid and upon reaching the barn I found the snow fast melting and on my journey homeward, I found unabounding joy, I saw clear pure waters and green fields and living sunshine and when I returned to my friends and neighbors I found them all well and healed, they having seen me far off coming, beheld the brilliancy and beauties with which I was surrounded, were immediately cleansed and purified and given life eternal, whereupon seeing all things clearly and being a new born of a new flesh and clean spirit. I examined the magical wand given me by the man and I saw that it was a book and on opening it I found that it was the Bible, the word of the living God, which I began reading and expounding to the whole world, whereupon I was approached by a man who bore a striking resemblance to the man who had commissioned me and started me forth to admonish and heal mankind, who asked me for my book, whereupon I told him that I had been given the book to heal myself and the whole world, to which he again requested me to give him the book, which he would return when the proper time came, as it was the tactics by which the world was to be mustered upon, which I gave gave it to him and he started off in an east direction to a high piece of ground, he turned facing the west, opened the book and cast his eyes heavenward and with a loud voice cried out to all the world, even unto the ends of the earth "Come all ye who wish to enlist in the cause of the great King and receive the bounty and robe yourselves in his uniform and march where I lead to everlasting glory and rest eternal" and looking forth I beheld coming from every quarter of the earth the whole face of the universe covered with people coming in innumerable hosts, clothed in filth and rags, whereupon the man closed the book and took up the march to the west, coming in a short space of time to stream of blood, both deep and wide, whose course run to the North, upon nearing the stream the multitude divided, a part turning to the left in order to avoid crossing the river of blood, going around the fountain head of the river, and the remainder of the multitude pressed on, following the man with the book and plunged into the stream of

blood, completely submerging everyone of them, who reappearing upon the farther shore, came forth washed clean and shut of their filth and ragse, those who had turned to the left and went around the head of the stream fell in line with those who had crossed through the stream, and coming to two white houses upon the plain, the one on the right having red borders and the one on the left black borders, in the door of each of which stood a man holding a white garment in his hand calling to all to come and receive a robe, those who were washed in the blood of the stream went and received a garment from the man in the door on the right, and those who had turned to the left received a garment from the man standing in the door on the left, putting them on over their filth and rags, all following on after the man with the book in his hand: coming to a gate upon approaching which it was thrown open, all passing through they now pursued their course on a beautiful board walk, marching in military array two by two, the walk gradually assending all the way, and at intervals along leading off from the left and the right were walks leading on a downward grade, upon which occasionally wonderers would stray off onto these walks, until admonished by the man with the book, who noticing their straying away, bid them return and follow on, all the time upon either were myriad hosts of demons robed in black, besieging and trying to impede the march, being armed with all manner of weapons, sometimes wounding and maiming those who wandered on the bye and forbidden paths, those pursuing the strait and onward road adorned with evergreen trees laden with delicious fruits of which they plucked and ate as they marched safe from the snares and wiles of the army besieging and trying to destroy them from either side until reaching a beautiful plain in the middle of which stood a temple into which all repaired to worship and repose, where a great meeting and worship was begun, preachers of every tongue and kindred tribe were proclaiming the marvelous truths recorded in the book the holy scriptures, men whom I had heard promulgate the divine word long since gathered to their fathers and men whom I had known who had never been dreamed of as preachers, but have since



became great and profound promulgators of God's holy word and kindred spirits unborn clothed in carnal bodies, speaking as carnal tongue never spake. The services coming to a close all repaired to the plain in the course of which great apparation seemed to overcome the universe, the multitude appearing as sheep and the ministers of the gospel being shepherds, congregated over the plain in groups, each shepherd herding his flock within his particular sphere at which juncture a ravenous mania seized divers and many of the sheep in each flock and herd, they seizing upon and bodily devouring weaker sheep of the flocks and herds. The man to whom I had gave the book standing near, I asked him the meaning of all this, I never having seen or known of sheep eating flesh, to which he replied, "marvel not, the scriptures speak of wolves in sheep's clothing," opening the book handed back, commanding me to go forth and warn all mankind of deceitful men and hypocrites, wolves in sheep's clothing, whereupon I went forth reading aloud and the shepherds hearing my voice, raised up their heads and seeing the carnage going on in their flocks and herds, straightway began blowing their trumpets, calling their herds to them, whereupon the wolves fled to the forests, at which juncture I called the shepherds together and asked them for a trumpet, that I might go forth and call the lambs from among the wolves, which was denied me by the shepherds, I went away sore grieved and in my bereavement I wept and in bereavement the man that had last gave me the book appeared unto me and a small trumpet patterned in the fashion of a writing pen, which with all the shepherds were commanded to blow and my trumpet having a sharp keen shrill whistle, sounded louder than all the rest, being heard long after the rest were silent, the man who had gave me my trumpet again lead off, directing us all to follow him and call our sheep who submissively followed, whereupon in a short distance we came to another gate, I took my stand upon an eminence where I could view all that went on, there being only the keeper at the gate who opened it and as they passed in he rejected some, turning them back, which I noticing, my guarding angel beingk by I asked him why some were admitted and others

were rejected, shepherds and sheep as well, he replied, "those turned aside and not admitted through the gate, were those who turned aside and went to the left, surrounding the stream of blood, and receiving their garments at the house of black borders, and those who were admitted were of the blood washed throng, who received their robes at the house of the red borders, their garments being made on Calvary. Those wearing the garments from the house of black borders, put on over their filthy rags were made by Belza Bub, the prince of devils." The line of march was resumed beyond the gate upon another walk precisely like the first with trees of delicious fruits and balmy breezes, the line of march lengthening out until I could not see to neither end of it, which journey was attended with the same destroying hoards of benighted fiends, who were continually harrasing and trying to impede our line of march, I being near the rear of a walk which came to a river, when all as they came to the end of the walk stepped off into a barge or large flat boat moored in the river, the army of fiends that was folowing on either sides as they came up, fell into the water and were drowned, passing from sight the boat carrying the blood washed throng of its own volition started and crossed over the river, landing safe on King Emanuel's shore, where all blood washed throng were to enjoy life for ever more, and I awoke." The explanation of the foregoing dream, as I interpret it, from the dawning upon me of my desires and inclinations and knowledge of religious duties, I was ever impressed with the desire, and felt called upon to preach God's word and work for the cause of religion in a ministerial capacity, but owing to opposition continually coming up before me, from my brethren in my church, I was everly enjoined from following that calling. I verily believe that I was ordained by heaven to follow in my dissapointment and discouragement. I found a solace and soothing balm in my dream, the interpretation of which I make as follows: the misery, pain and suffering in my breast, I interpret as the mental worry and heartfelt desires to follow the calling to which I felt that I had been called to fulfil and my neighbors and brethren seemingly neglecting and forsaking me, but being sick

and near unto death, and my going out in quest of relief, and a panacea for my afflicted brethren, was symbolical of the cold and ungodly condition of the church, its wiles and snares and unfeeling disposition toward me by my brethren, and my meeting with the woman and her profers to lend me aid and comfort is representative of the church, when composed of true christians imbued with pure brotherly love, plighting sustain grace; my passing from the deep snow through the barn and under the shed to the house I realized as the road of the unregenerated man going to the altar and seeking the pardoning power of a prayer-answering God. My realizing my naked condition was the sinner when thoroughly realizing and conscious of his utterly depraved and helpless condition, and my coming to the house and standing in the presence of the man was characteristic of the seeker when accepted by a prayer-answering and merciful God, the man commanding the woman to give me the garment to clothe my nakedness, symbolizes a man's acceptance by God and his baptism and reception into the church in full fellowship and communion and the man's giving me the book and commanding me to go and heal my friends and neighbors was a covenant of acceptance with God through our Lord Jesus Christ and the book was my authority, the scriptures which I was to promulgate to a sin-cursed world; my meeting with the second man who desired and got my book and marshalled the hosts of earth in one procession and led them to their final reward is symbolical of the various characteristics and personalities comprising the hosts who are marching in the christians procession every day through this life and the reward finally awaiting each and every individual in the end and my receiving the little trumpet resembling a pen was the token for me that I should write this book the words of my pen bugle shall long survive the sound of many of the larger trumpets who fought and opposed my ordination by man to preach the gospel and the sound of my voice through this medium will be heard and read in days to come by generations yet unborn, when those whose bugles were permitted to sound by fallible man will be silent in oblivion. I now being in the twilight of the evening of life, nearing the 83rd milestone

of life, I realize that ere long time will be no more with me, that I shall lay down this mortal body and return to the elements of nature from whence we were taken and the soul to the destiny that God may consign it.

As a conclusion of these memories I will now give a short reminiscence of my brother, Balas Carr Dewees, who was born on the divide between Grassy run and Horse Fork, tributaries of Parchment, a prong of Mill Creek, about four miles southwest of Ripley, Jackson County, now West Virginia, August 25th, 1828, upon the death of our parents he grew up principally around Ripley, at which place in April, 1847, he enlisted with Capt. Elisha McCommis, who afterwards was Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, who came to Ripley recruiting volunteers to go to Mexico, as soldiers in the memorable struggle of 1847, where he received John McIntosh, Bob Alexander, Lafayette Parsons, Henry Cunningham, Jim Cobine, Nath Young, Ike Meadows, David Hill, Oliver Steward, Jim Steward, John Goff, Byrd Harvey, Isaac Cunningham, Will Lucas, Will Cunningham, Jim Workman, Nath Workman, whose mother followed him to Cincinnati and secured his release, he being too young for any service, Jim Perry and Balas Dewees my brother, who not yet 19 yeasold Capt. McCommis in about two weeks with the 19 recruits moved them to Barbersville, then the County Seat of Cabel County, where a company with 95 men in it was organized with Elisha McCommis as Captain, a man by the name of Samuels First Lieutenant. About the middle of May the company was transported to New Port Barracks, Kentucky, where the company was drilled preparatory to proceeding on to the realities of war. The 4th of July, 1847 was celebrated by the company running the canons out upon the ramparts and shooting them off into the Ohio river, on the morning of the 5th the company was put aboard of a steamboat and transported to New Orleans, where they were transferred on board the government steamship Alabama and taken to Vera Cruze, Mexico, the second day out on their way upon the Gulf of Mexico, Ike Young one of the nine-

teen recruited at Ripley, died and with due military burial his corpse was consigned to the seathing waters of the restless Gulf of Mexico. About the 20th day of July they were landed upon the soil of Mexico, where John McIntosh getting hurt was discharged and returned home. From Vera Cruze the company with a Baltimore battallion commanded by Major Pitcher and Capt. Walker,s dragoons marched to the Natural Bridge, where Capt. Elisha McCommis resigned, Lieutenant Samuels assumed command, they proceeded on to Seragorda and then on to Perote where the company was disbanded and utilized as recruits for the different companies comprising the 11th Regiment of New York troops, afterwards merged into the 10th Regiment by act of Congress providing for the organization of ten new regiments of United States soldiers, of the nineteen who volunteered with my brother, Bob Alexander, John Goff, Jim Cobine, Bill Cunningham, Lafayette Parsons, Will Lucas and my brother Balas were attached to Company E, 11th Regiment New York Infantry, the Lieutenant Colonel of which was Ramsey and David Hunter Major, who during the late rebellion was the General Hunter of the disasterous Lynchburg raid. At Ft. Perote the regiment was attached to General James Lane's command, who afterwards was famous and infamously known in the Kansas troubles, with which command the regiment continued until they arrived in the City of Mexico. From Ft. Perote the command was marched to the relief of Col. Childers who was Military Governor of Puebla, where he was besieged and reduced to straitened circumstances, upon the way at Humantla they met in battle the Mexicans, being their first initiation into the realities of war, in whch Capt. Walker the leader of the Texas rangers was killed, having been a valiant leader and advocate of Texan independance, from Humantla they pressed on to the relief of Col. Childers who they reached and relieved just in niche of time to save him from surrendering. From Puebla the army pressed on to the City of Mexico, encountering small squads of Mexicans who continually hovered about the country, most every day dashing in upon the soldiers as they marched on their way. Upon reaching the City of Mexico of those who

originally volunteered at Ripley Bill Cunningham, Balas De-wees and John Goff were all who were together, it being some-time in October when they arrived in the city where the army remained until the 2nd day of January, 1848. On Christmas night of 1847, my brother Balas in company with about one hundred comrades and an equal number of old Mexico's lovely dames and gentle maids wiled away the time until the wee small hours of morn to the tunes of inspiring music danced in King Montazuma's Hall. On New Years day 1848, General Winfield Scott reviewed some four thousand soldiers after which he made a speech eulogizing the Americans upon their valor as soldiers and success in arms. On the 2nd day of January, 1848, about four thousand soldiers, principally all those reviewed the day previous, my brother Balas being one of them commanded by General Cudwallace were ordered on a forced march to Larima Valley, arriving at the town of Larima the next day, upon the approach of which the Mexicans retreated, leaving the town to the Americans, who pushing on twelve miles further to Panluca, had another encounter with the Mexicans who retreated to their mountain fastness, the Americans remaining in Panluca over night, next morning were confronted by the Mexicans in superior force, manifesting their superiority in power and numbers, the Americans of this particular branch of Uncle Sam's army for the first time during their career in Mexico concluded Valors best part of discretion, advanced back to Larima and sent to the City of Mexico for reenforcements. In about four days the army at Panluca received notice of an armistice of sixty days pending a cessation of hostilities. The soldiers in Mexico being the electorate the sentiments of peace having taken formitable hold upon the army brought on an election of a new president for Mexico, in the person of Pennywypenny, who favored peace. The great war president, General Santaanna having fallen into disfavor had to flee for his life, came to the Americans at Larima and asked for protection, and an escort to Verra Cruze, which request was granted and the Baltimore Battalion placed at his service. During the time that General Santaanna was in the Americans' camp at Larima he was ac-



corded and treated with every civility and consideration, in return he and his wife, who was a most estimable and pleasant lady, were quite at home and made themselves very affable and agreeable with the soldiers. General Santaanna telling them that his soldiers weren't whipped, but that when he got in battle with the d—b Americans, they would go to yelling and hallowing and scare the Mexican's, and they would fly as if inspired by magic, which my brother Balas says was a fact, that as long as the Americans stood off in line of battle and shot, the Mexicans were as valiant, courageous, and brave men as ever faced a foe, but the moment that the Americans started upon a charge, and raised the yell the Mexican's flew.

My brother Balas says that General Scott, invariably when drilling his soldiers, insisted upon them preserving the strictest silence when making a charge. On one occasion that he remembers particularly, that the General was conducting the drill of several thousand soldiers, drawing them up in line preparatory for making a charge, giving the sternest and most threatening commands for silence, avowing severest and condign punishment upon all who disobeyed orders, and no less than one hundred times, formed them in line preparatory to charge prefacing his command to charge each time with his most insistent orders for silence, whereupon as often as he gave his commands to charge, every man apparently desirous and determined to respect the General's commands, the moment the column started upon the charge involuntarily every mother's son seemed to see if he couldn't outdo the rest yelling, instinctively yelling inspite of all efforts to not. If General Santaanna's version of the American's blood-curdling yells striking terror to the Mexican soldiers heart consequent to such a speedy termination of the war is correct, wasn't a very grave offense at last, if yelling was, at variance with the well disciplined military tactics, for the American yells saved a prolongation of a most necessarily bloody and sanguinary conflict, that would have required a great deal more sacrifice of human life, not to say anything of the anguish, anxiety and sorrow of waiting hearts

of anxious friends at home and treasury necessary to carry on the war.

About the 1st of April, 1848, orders came to break up camp at Larima, upon which the army was marched back to the City of Mexico, and from there on to Vera Cruz, where they were transported on board the old ship *America* and taken to New Orleans, being nine days on the way, an incident occurring on the way which I will relate here, about the third day out on the voyage James Hogg, one of my brother Balas' comrades, of Capt. McCommis' old company, organized at Barbersville, being up on deck, had an altercation with a New York soldier, one of Capt. Seaburg's company, the Capt. being officer of the day. There being none of the best feeling between the Virginians and Capt. Seaburg's New York Dutch soldiers, Mr. Dutch New York gave Mr. James Hogg Virginia the d—b lie, whereupon Hogg promptly proceeded with a well directed blow of his fist, flattened Mr. Dutchman out, upon which Capt. Seaburg, exercising the prerogatives of his authority, unceremoniously arrested Hogg and bucked and gagged him, which heroic and sanguinary procedure being conveyed below in the hull of the ship, to Hogg's comrades and friends enmass did nothing else but proceed upon the Herrican deck and then and there released and relieved Hogg from his undesirable fate and threw the gun and bayonet with which he was bucked and gagged overboard, and for the timely interposition and interference of Maj. David Hunter, Capt. Seaburg would have followed the gun and bayonet. He having at the storming of the Castle of the Fort Monta Delra not being possessed of an over weaning fondness for being among those who faced the perils of scaling the walls, capturing it found a more genial place by falling in the ditch surrounding the fort, for which act of cowardice he was court marshaled and cashiered, by being suspended thirty days without pay from the command of his company. Every night from the bucking and gagging of Hogg on until they reached New Orleans, down in the hull of the ship in quarters some dauntless hearted detestator of Capt. Seaburg, would yell out, "Who fell in the ditch at Monta Delra?" To which a

thousand voices would chime the refrain. "Capt. Seaburg, the d—b old coward." Which would be kept up to Capt. Seaburg's discomfort and humiliation, until Maj. David Hunter would come down and plead with the boys to desist, who, out of respect for the Major, would stop. At New Orleans, Capt. Seaburg took transportation by railroad to New York to escape the nightly rehearsal of the ditch of Monta Delra. From New Orleans the army was transported on in the same ship to New York, being twenty one days in transit, landing on Long Island, where on the 18th day of August, 1848, the regiment was disbanded. Five of the original nineteen enlisted at Ripley were mustered out of service, the remaining either dying or being killed in battle and previously returned home. Those discharged on Long Island, New York, coming by railroad, by Jersey City, Baltimore, on to Cumberland, where the railroad terminated in those days, and from there they came on to Wheeling by stage, where they took transportation on the old Pike Steamboat No. 2, down the Ohio river to Ravenswood, from which point they walked to Ripley, where John Goff, Bob. Alexander, Bird Harvey, Lafayette Parsons and Balas Dewees were accorded a royal welcome, in token of their patriotic devotion and in memory of their unfortunate comrades whose ashes were mingling with the soil of a land where trod a determined foe. My brother at this latter date, 1904, being the only one living of the nineteen who fifty-seven years ago on that April spring morning, in the maytime of life, with youthful vigor and buoyant heart full of hope went forth to battle for our country. Soon after his return from Mexico he paid me a visit, and in the time of his visit, or one of the incidents attending thereto, he met, wooed and won the heart of the one who has been the companion of his life, on the 6th day of March, 1849, by the ministerial officery of Rev. John Stump, Balas Carr Dewees and Mary Conley were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony at her parents home, Patrick Conley, and his wife Pop's old homestead, now known as the Joseph Knetts farm, on the main West Fork, about two miles below Minnora, settling on Beech Fork, near Oka, where he remained with the

exception of one or two moves, settling on the farm he now lives on, at the mouth of Sam's Run, just below historic Fink Fork of Beech, at the head of which historic branch lays the remains of two warriors, sleeping the sleep that knows no wakening. One Fink, in company with Adam O'Brien, the historic woodsman, were watching a lick now by the road side, the passer by may see it near the old residence of Squire W. W. Bailey, deceased, these two adventurers, seeking a new country, conquering for hunters' and back-woodman's paradise, when a small party of Indians in quest of revenge seeking to strike a blow upon the usurper of their homes and hunting grounds, and take a look upon the graves of their forefathers, when both parties coming unexpectedly together, the Indians firing upon Fink, who together with O'Brien, retreated up the branch, wounded Fink in the heel, whose wound becoming so painful against they reached the low gap, that he advised O'Brien to seek his own safety, and leave him to his fate, taking refuge by concealing himself, waited till the dusky sons of the forest came up, he dispatched one of them, upon which he in return was laid low in death and both left to their fate, O'Brien in a few days returning with others, found the two common enemies cold in death's embrace, whereupon they were buried by O'Brien and his comrades, where to this day by the roadside, in the low gap, passing over from Hardway's Run to Fink, the passer by can see the stones marking their graves. Balas Dewees has resided where he lives and on Beech Fork all his married life, except a few years during and at the close of the Civil war of 1861-5, passing the time in the civil pursuits of a farmer's life, his only exception being elected Capt. of the Militia.

In 1861, when the war clouds began to lower over the land and public sentiment assuming formidable proportions, Balas Dewees' sympathies were with the South, he espoused the cause of secession, which was fully known the country surrounding him being about evenly divided, the Union forces having come to Spencer, Roane County, Col. Gilmore commanding in the fall of 1861, sent out a detachment of men to apprehend Balas and bring him in, which they did, intercepting and capturing

him on the head of Spring Run, a tributary of the West Fork, coming in the creek at Arnoldsburg. He was taken to Spencer and had a formal trial before a board of officers of the 9th Virginia Regiment, the prosecuting witness, making contradictory statements, Balas was detained, during which time he was kept under guard, there being five soldiers of the 9th Regiment Indianians, who were comrades of Balas in the Mexican War and meeting with him under the circumstances with which he was surrounded, made the point to be the detailed guards to guard him, which they done more as hosts than enemies in war. In a few days the Regiment moved from Spencer to Glenville, taking my brother Balas along, his old Mexican comrades continuing as his guards and assured him that if Capt. Gilmore didn't release him that on their march to Glenville they would make it convenient so that he could take a French leave of absence, their remembrance of the ties of affection formed in their associations as soldiers and comrades in Mexico were stronger than any obligation that they felt to the cause in which they were then enlisted, and one mile up Millstone, above Arnoldsburg, at the mouth of the little hollow where Dr. Price now resides, Balas and his old Mexican comrades halted and were then enlisted, and one mile up Millstone, above Arnoldsburg, sitting by the side of the road, the regiment passing on, after which Balas and his old comrades had agreed on an armistice for the remainder of hostilities, so far as they were concerned, during which time, Balas' wife Mary, accompanied by Levi Reed, a member of the 9th Regiment and her brother-in-law, who went on and overtaking Col. Gilmore, procured Balas' release, thus concluding an honorable release for him.

War clouds settling dense and heavy over our beloved land, stirring times were at hand, and our ominous presence of boding scenes were daily being acted, men of progressive minds and active turns could not in the face of the signs of the times remain silent and inactive. Another detachment of Federal soldiers following Col. Gilmore's occupied Spencer, sending out a detail arrested Capt. A. Knotts a man of marked ability, and stirring qualities, a natural born leader of men, it was important to the cause of the Union that his course of action be known,

consequently upon charges of disloyalty, he was taken to Spencer and incarcerated in jail. Squire W. W. Bailey a man of marked ability and stiring qualities and my brother Balas were under surveilance, all being men of prominence, and in fact Southern sympathizers, the peculiarity of Capt. A. Knott's circumstances being such that his instinctive incentive was that self-preservation was the first law of nature, consequently the proposition being made to him that if he would publicly make a speech for the Union, pledging his fidelity to the government and promise to go home and raise a company of troops and join the union army, his liberty and freedom would be accorded to him, which proposition Capt. A. Knotts accepted and executed in detail coming to his home at Minnora, Calhoun County, forthwith proceeded with raising a company, which was accomplished with an organization in the election of A. Knotts Captain, Balas Dewees, First Lieutenant, Samuel Isanhart, Second Lieutenant and A. J. Bailey, Third Lieutenant, upon which instead of joining the Union army, the company was turned South and joined Dr. Harriford's battalion. At Winfield, Putnam County where they remained a short time, coming back to the West Fork country. On their way up sandy as they were passing Newton, Roane County, Capt. William King's company of state troops commonly called home guards, were encountered in a bloodless fray.

The company after some time broke up camp on what is now known as Sier's Run, a tributary emptying into the West Fork at Minnora, sometime in October, 1861, rejoined their battalion at Dry Creek Station in Greenbrier County, taking up their line of march they passed over and up the Left Hand Fork of the West Fork, dropping over and down Duck Creek, crossing Elk river at the mouth of Strange Creek, going up which the second night they camped on Capt. Clinton Duffield's farm, laying on the dividing ridge between Strange Creek and Birch river, where a couple of fine large fat sheep were procured and butchered and distributed among the company, bountifully supplying every man an abundant ration for a sumptuous repast. Jackson Cottrell whose name has before



been mentioned in my memoirs, being one of the privates in the company mentioned, in addition to his ration of mutton during the night roasted the two mutton heads and completely divested them of every vestige of the meat, which aggregation of fresh sheep meat had a most disastrous and salutary effect upon Jackson's abdominal organs, necessarily placing him upon the invalid's list for several days, next morning the company proceeded on in their line of march passing down to the foot of Powel's Mountain, just above Brownsville, where their line of march crossed the turn pike leading from Sutton, Braxton County, to Summersville, Nicholas County, over onto Anthony's Creek, a tributary of Birch river, coming in sight of the turn pike they came on to Gen. W. S. Rosecran's army passing along the pike, the company obviated a collision and perhaps capture and annihilation, by quietly secreting themselves from observation until a favorable opportunity an opening appeared and proved sufficient for them to double-quick through the aperture, arriving over on Birch river at John Baufman's just a short time after the last of Gen. Rosecran's calvary had passed, going into camp for the night, whereupon in addition to the regular ration issued to each man, Capt. Knotts bought an extra fine large bee gum of Mr. Baughman and opened it up, directing the company to every man help himself, whereupon the ever craving Jackson still complaining of miscellaneous and dislatory pains and cramps in his intestines, predatory to his overweaning fondness for sheep heads roasted, plowed in and loaded himself to the guards with an arm full of honey comb, loaded to overflowing with delicious honey all the while with his other hand full of the dripping honey, cramming great hunks large enough to have strangled a mule down his capacious throat. Capt. Knotts desiring to know how his boys were faring was passing around among them, coming to Jackson, all of who he could see for the honey was his jaws and ears working in his efforts to get on the outside of as much honey as possible to accompany his sheep heads of the night previous, asked him "if he was getting any of the honey," to which Jackson replied, "a few bites Captain, a few bites, just enough to stay a sick

man's stomach, your men are such d—b dogs that a decent man stands no show." Arriving at Dry Creek the company spent the winter. In the Spring of 1862 the company was attached to the 14th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Cochran, Lieutenant Col. Brown and Maj. Broek, the latter being killed at Brandy Station, the regiment belonging to Gen. Albert Jenkins' command, passing the summer and fall in the Valley of Virginia, encountering the vicissitudes and soldiers life incident to those stormy times, going into winter quarters at Fineastle Court House, Virginia, where my brother Balas assumed command of the company. Capt. A. Knotts having been elected by the company as representative for Calhoun County, in the Southern Confederate legislature at Richmond, where he served during the session of 1863. In the spring of 1863 my brother Balas, in company with George Casto, and Squire W. W. Bailey came through to the Little Levels of Pocahontas County in time to join Brigadier Gen. W. L. Jackson's command and accompany through and participate in the memorable Bulltown fight in Braxton County.

Since the war my brother Balas has as all true men accepted the results of the Southern Confederacies' cause and is as loyal and true American and inflexible in his belief in our having the best government on earth as any man who wore the blue, with enmity towards none and charity for all, we all every true hearted Confederate are for the Union and only pray that old Glory may federate are for the Union and only pray that old Glory may forever wave over the homes of the free and the graves of the brave.



